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SINCERE DEVOTION:

EXEMPLIFIED IN THE

LIFE OF MRS. C. E. MARTIN,

OF SEVENOAKS.

BY HER BROTHER,

REV. BENJAMIN FIELD.

LONDON:
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"As one by one our friends depart,
So long endear'd unto the heart,
In joy and sorrow too :
Thou, who didst weep—forgive the tear—
Who didst console, now deign to cheer—
Who criest, 'Fear not!' bid us not fear,
And peace of mind renew.

"At best, but a few years can glide,
Ere each shall join the loved one's side,—
Soul-cheering promise given!
They are 'not lost, but gone before,'—
Have cross'd the river, reach'd the shore,
And from the' eternal heights look o'er,
And beckon us to heaven."

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PREFACE.

It is not without vivid and impassioned feeling that I have undertaken to give to the world this brief memorial of one of the best of sisters. From earliest childhood, we lived in mutual and undivided affection. We were brought, about the same time, in humble penitence to the Friend of sinners. It was our wont, through every successive stage of life, to pour into each other's ears the sorrows and joys, the hopes, and fears, and wishes of our hearts. No tongue can tell the debt of affection I owe to her memory for her prudent counsels, her sisterly sympathies, and her undying love. Through all the years of separation, our correspondence with each other was regular and free; and a precious legacy are those letters of piety and affection which she never failed to write. It

was my privilege, at her own request, to perform the rite which made her the wife of a now bereaved and sorrowing husband. And, after ten short years, it was my lot to follow her to the tomb, and, in the town of our birth, to preach her funeral sermon before a large and sympathizing audience. I felt, at that time, that her death had awakened attention, and excited an interest, which ought to be improved for the purpose of impressing the mind with lessons of wisdom and piety. And now, in the fear of God, the following pages are placed before the public eye with the humble hope that others may be stimulated to follow her example of humble piety and zealous toil.

My aim in this book is not to eulogize the dead; it is to benefit the living. Had I been able to consult my sainted sister on the subject of presenting a record of her life to the world, it may be that her humble mind would have been startled at the thought, and permission positively withheld. But sure I am that if, from her throne in light, she could

view this record as a means of bringing glory to her exalted Lord, it would heighten the joy of her glorified spirit, and this would be her reverent exclamation, "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but to Thy name give glory, for Thy mercy, and for Thy truth's sake."

To the hands of God my labour is now committed. And if it should be instrumental in advancing the highest interests of any soul,—either of saint or sinner,—my highest ambition will be reached, and all the praise shall be reverently laid at the Saviour's feet.

B. F.

NORTHAMPTON-SQUARE,
London, Oct., 1861.

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A Memoir

OF

CATHARINE ELIZABETH MARTIN.

CHAPTER I.

HER CHILDHOOD AND CONVERSION.

“I, thy servant, fear the Lord from my youth.”

THE records of Christian Biography present us with instances, most beautiful and striking, of *female* devotion to God and to His cause. How many hearts have been warmed and stirred up to more full devotedness to the service of God, by reading the Memoirs of such “devout and honourable women” as the Countess of Huntingdon, Mrs. Mary Fletcher, Mrs. Judson, Mrs. Newell, Mrs. Cryer, Miss Graham, Mrs. Fry, and, may I not add, Sarah Martin, of Yarmouth? “In the time of the Saviour, women were His most constant and devoted followers: were last at His cross, and first at His

sepulchre;" and since then, they have in every age reproved the indolent by their activities, aroused the careless by their heroic examples, and led the way to noble and adventurous deeds in the cause of God and of His Messiah.

It is not our wish to claim for the subject of this Memoir a place among the brilliant and gifted heroines that have now been named. Nor do we ask for her a name on the page that records the genius of Hannah More, and others of her class. She was never designed to astonish the world by her writings or her exploits. But we assign her a place among the Marys who gladly sit at their Saviour's feet, learning the lessons of His grace, and basking in the smiles of His love.

She was the first-born child of parents who had given themselves to Christ. And when, on February 15th, 1820, they welcomed to their arms their little daughter, many a prayer went up to heaven that all the blessings which are promised to "the generation of the upright" might rest on the head of the

new-born babe. They were careful, too, to have her formally introduced, by Christ's own ordinance, into the visible church, and thus be placed under the bonds and blessings of the covenant of grace. And as soon as she arrived at years of discretion, and began to choose and act for herself, by the instructions of the Sabbath-school and of the home-circle she was taught the knowledge of the great Three-One, in whose undivided name she had been baptized, and every means was taken to induce an intelligent, personal consecration to Christ. Who can describe the importance of the sacrament of baptism, and of the instructions based upon it, in the future history of our children? When presented to God in His house, and baptized with water in His name, "they bear the visible impress of consecration. God has claimed them,—the church has claimed them. The sign and seal of the covenant are upon them. Their parents, by the very act of dedication, have publicly acknowledged the bonds of that covenant as resting upon their children, and have

claimed their rights of inheritance in its truths, and mercies, and hopes. By the concurrence of all the parties concerned, the case has been decided. It has been decided in heaven, and upon earth;—decided by their merciful God, by their parents, and by the church;—decided, so far as it can be without their own voluntary consent, that they are to be the consecrated servants of God. What remains to make the transaction complete, is the free, sincere, intelligent consent of the children themselves.”*

Some years elapsed in Catharine’s history before she thus consented to yield herself to God. But, surrounded as she was by religious influences, endowed by nature with a quick apprehension, and placed under various means of grace, it was scarcely possible that she should pass the susceptible season of youth without deep impressions of the reality and importance of inward religion. And she did not. The sinfulness of sin, the loveliness of Christ, the solemnity of

* See a beautiful article on this subject in the “Methodist Magazine,” 1859, p. 792.

death, the joys of heaven, the terrors of hell, moved her earliest passions; and her infant tears, and prayers, and fears, testified how powerfully the Spirit strove. On this subject she writes:—"I remember, when scarcely past the season of infancy, being the subject of Divine light, and on one occasion, particularly, feeling my little heart beat quickly, and my tongue becoming too hot and dry for utterance, when I had repeated a prevarication to deceive my mother. Frequently, when I had retired to rest, I lay awake endeavouring to solemnize my mind with thoughts of eternity, and especially of *endless perdition*, of which I felt myself to be fully deserving. I recall very sweet impressions that were made upon my mind while the Rev. James Mole was in our Circuit. He held what he called his 'little meetings' for the children of the congregation; frequently addressed the Sunday-school; and, I think, never left our house without addressing a few words of pious exhortation to us children, suited to our tender years. One occasion

of this kind is fresh on my memory, when, with sister Jane on one knee, and me on the other, he repeated,—

“ ‘Twill save us from a thousand snares,
To mind religion young,” &c.

I then formed as determined a resolution as ever in after-life that I would be its possessor; for I well knew the way to obtain it. But time passed on till I reached my fourteenth year. They were years of temptation, arising from a growing love to the world, an ardent interest in school-pursuits, and an attachment to light reading. At that period, the latter was my besetment; and a young friend supplying me with novels, which she stealthily obtained, I indulged freely in the perusal of them, and was led far, *very* far from the kingdom of God.”

My sister here touches upon a subject which I cannot pass by without interposing a remark,—the subject of light reading. This has become a source of deep solicitude to all reflecting men. It is very evident that there is a growing taste among the young people, even

of Christian families, for those light and ephemeral compositions which pass under the name of novels. And though, of course, they are not all equally dangerous, yet we have never known an instance in which the taste for such literature has been cultivated without the most baneful results upon the heart and life. The following remarks are from a foreign Journal, and exactly accord with the views which extensive observation has established in our own minds:—"Familiarity with popular fiction gives a disrelish for simple truth; engenders a habit of reading merely for amusement, which destroys the love of sober investigation, and blasts the hope of mental improvement; renders scientific and historical reading tedious; gives false views of the perfectibility of human nature, thus leading to disappointments in the relations of life; and dwarfs all the intellectual and moral powers, except the imagination, which is rendered morbid and unhealthy by constant excitement. The Bible becomes a wearisome book; spiritual classics,

like those of Baxter, Bunyan, Flavel, and Doddridge, though glowing with celestial fire, become inspid and uninteresting; and the influence of the pulpit is undermined by diverting the attention from serious things, and lessening the probability that truth will take effect upon the conscience; or, if it does for a time, the pernicious novel furnishes a ready means of stifling conviction, and grieving away the Spirit of God." Strong as this language is, it is but the echo of sentiments that have been uttered by such authorities as Robert Hall, Dr. Todd, John Angell James, Hannah More,* and a thousand others who have been made sad and sorrowful at the sight of tastes corrupted,

"The remarks of this celebrated lady are too valuable to be omitted. "The constant familiarity even with such works of fiction as are not exceptionable in themselves, relaxes the mind that wants hardening, dissolves the heart which wants fortifying, stirs the imagination which wants quieting, irritates the passions which want calming, and abandons, disinclines, and disqualifies for active virtues and for spiritual exercises. The habitual indulgence in such reading is a silent, mining mischief."

hearts polluted, minds debased, and conduct demoralized, by nothing worse than the light literature of the times in which they respectively lived.

Happily for my sister, though "led far, very far from the kingdom of God," she was stopped in her downward course by the special intervention of the grace of God. And the means which were employed for her salvation furnish an illustration of the importance of direct personal intercourse with the halting and the wandering, in order to urge present decision for Christ the Saviour. The facts, as recorded by herself were these: "Miss Ives" (now wife of Rev. James Godden) "called on us one day, as I now believe, with the express design of seeing me. She told me, during her visit, that she should like me to meet with her in the class then led by Mrs. Thomas Parker; that she thought these meetings were a guard to young people; for sometimes, when inclined to yield to the temptations of the world, they would remember their connexion with the Church, and resist.

Seeing me hesitate, she urged me to go with her just for once, to see how I enjoyed the meeting; telling me that, unless I chose, I was not compelled even to go a second time. This well-timed invitation has often induced me, under similar circumstances, to press attendance on class; for I believe I never was so disinclined to a life of piety as when it came to me: but, when I was considering it in private, I felt it to be a call from God which I durst not refuse. With these feelings I called on the Leader, who received me most kindly, and told me, if I wished it, she would ask me no question. I went, and never for a moment was tempted with a desire to leave; and, I may add, I never was once tempted to stay away from the weekly meeting."

It is not often that in the early experience of young people, who have been folded from infancy with the lambs of the flock, there is anything of a very marked or marvellous kind. A solemn conviction of the need of salvation, earnest prayer, love to Christian people,

an acceptance of Christ as a Saviour, and a happy assurance of forgiving love,—these are the *elements* of their experience; and the *circumstances* do not greatly vary. And it is no uncommon thing to find our youthful converts troubled and restless because they were strangers to those terrific alarms and agonizing convictions of which they have heard in others. Say they, “We never shed tears and uttered groans under a sense of sin, as some do. We never spent nights of weeping and days of terror; and when we found peace, we knew nothing of those transporting joys which have animated some.” But, be it remembered that the Bible marks out no point in distress beneath which we are out of the reach of forgiveness; nor does it specify any measure of excitement to which we must be wrought up in the receiving of pardon. It simply says, “Repent, and believe the Gospel,” and leaves the intensity of the sorrow and joy to be modified by mental constitution, and by many other attendant and secondary circumstances. In Catharine’s

case there was no loud and tumultuous agitation in her penitential sorrow; and there were no ecstatic joys at the time of her adoption. In fact, she could scarcely tell "the hour when, from above, she first received the pledge of love." But this she did know, that she came to the throne of mercy, singing as she came,—

"My pardon I claim; for a sinner I am,
A sinner believing in Jesus's name.
He purchased the grace which now I embrace :
O Father, Thou know'st He hath died in my
place."

And the Eternal Father, through the Son of His love, welcomed her to His heart, welcomed her to His fold, and, with His still small voice, proclaimed, "Thy sins which are many are all forgiven thee." The testimony was as clear and as convincing to the understanding and judgment as any circumstance or fact ever brought before the intellect. She had "the full assurance of faith,"—"the meridian evidence that puts all doubts to flight." And though sometimes doubts were injected to rob her of

her peace, she fled to the great atonement, and within view of the cross examined her heart; so that faith sprung up invigorated by the trial. But let us hear her own testimony.

“I have found myself to-day uttering that verse,—

‘Tis a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought;
Do I love the Lord or no,
Am I His, or am I not?’

but surely such language should never find its way from the lips of one who, from infancy, has been taught the doctrine of present pardon by the faith of Christ, and of the witness of the Holy Ghost. It must be the enemy wishing to insinuate that I am not a child of God. But I am not deceiving myself on this point. Do I not constantly come to Jesus—a sinner to a Saviour? Am I not, renouncing all other, determined to take Him as my portion, guide, counsellor, wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption? Do I not invite Him to reign unrivalled in my heart? Have I not a sincere affection

for the devoted disciples of the Redeemer, wherever found, or however circumstanced? Do I not find within ■ hope blooming with immortality and eternal life? And am I not influenced by a zeal, occasionally a lively one, for the conversion of sinners? Praise the name of the Lord for these evidences of heartfelt religion! instead, therefore, of those gloomy lines of John Newton, I would rather sing, with our own Charles Wesley,—

‘ Our nature’s turn’d, our mind
Transform’d in all its powers;
And both the witnesses are join’d,
The Spirit of God with ours.’ ”

My sister’s life was henceforward a sufficient proof that the love of God was the ruling principle within. Till now, with all the moral excellencies which adorned her character, she had heard a voice saying, “One thing thou lackest.” Now the mighty change was wrought. Her heart was surrendered to its rightful Owner. The “one thing needful” was obtained, and Jesus uttered over His adopted one, “Mary hath chosen that

good part, which shall not be taken away from her." The writer well remembers those happy days. Some hymn of gladness was always on her lips. The entire section of hymns "For Believers Rejoicing" was written on her memory; and while engaged in household duties, or seated with her sisters by the fireside, how often did the house echo to the harmony of happy voices, as they sang,—

"No condemnation now I dread;
 Jesus, and all in Him, is mine!
 Alive in Him, my living Head,
 And clothed in righteousness Divine.
 Bold I approach the' eternal throne,
 And claim the crown, through Christ, my own."

And there is reason to believe that the clear views she then cherished of the Saviour and His work, her enlightened apprehension of the merit of His death and intercession, were never lost; but, in all times of temptation and depression, she turned to Jesus, as the sunflower to the orb of day; and, with good Edward Payson, in one of his holy transports, exclaimed, "Friends are nothing; fame

is nothing; health is nothing; Jesus, Jesus is all." I am not willing to anticipate the experience of after-years. But I find an entry in her Journal, some time after her conversion, which is but the counterpart of many other entries from the beginning to the end of her religious course; and I insert it here to show how she learned to live "by the faith of the Son of God."

"Another week has fled for ever: what account does it carry with it as to me,—a sojourner on earth,—one who professes to seek a better country? O, it tells of idle words, of creature love, of devotion to the trifles of a day; but it tells also of gracious visitations from the Most High, of the sweet influences of the Spirit, and of seasons when my cold heart has been drawn by the lure of Jesu's love. I have still an Advocate above; and through Him and His atonement I still venture to look up. Yes, Jesus is precious to my soul. His name, His word, His mediation, are my glory and my joy. What should I do without my Saviour? I nothing have, I nothing

am ; but in Thee, O Jesus, is all I want. How sweet, this morning, to my soul was the passage, ‘They that know Thy name will put their trust in Thee.’ *I* know Thy name. It has charmed my fears ; it has hushed my complaints ; it has inspired my hopes ; and I will trust in Thee in all Thy dispensations—the severest and the darkest :—

‘For lo ! from sin, and grief, and shame,
I hide me, Jesus, in Thy name.’ ”

We have already seen that the very first act in Catharine’s religious life was that of formally uniting herself with the Christian church. She had been brought up in a religious community which requires but one condition of those who are admitted into its fellowship ; namely, “a desire to flee from the wrath to come, and be saved from their sins.” From the first time of her meeting in the class to which she was invited, this desire was awakened in her mind, and manifested in her life. The trashy novel was laid aside, and books of truth and virtue were anxiously perused. The biographies of the saints acquired an interest in her

mind far beyond that of the most romantic tale that fiction could devise. And now that her heart was fixed,—fixed on serving God and reaching heaven,—she believed in the communion of saints; she believed in this as a method of avowing her decision, as a means of spiritual blessing, and as an act of obedience to God. To her Leader she cherished the most ardent affection; and it was her rejoicing testimony in after-years that she had never once omitted the weekly meeting, except under circumstances of the most obvious necessity. The day on which the class was met was spent in earnest prayer for a special blessing upon the members and herself; and it is therefore not at all surprising that in her Journal we meet with frequent records of the reviving influence by which those meetings were honoured.

Very much in the religious life depends upon the habits that are formed in the few first months of its existence. Had Catharine stood aloof from the church, resolving to cultivate her emotions alone; had she been irregular in

her attendance on the social means of grace, supposing that she was at liberty to observe or neglect them as humour, caprice, or convenience might dictate; or had she been content with something short of a consciousness of sins forgiven; it amounts to a moral certainty that the gracious feelings which had been excited in her heart would have been "as the morning cloud and as the early dew," passing rapidly away. But, becoming at the first thoroughly decided in heart and character, giving herself to the Lord, and to His people according to His will, making religion the alpha and omega of her desires and pursuits, she stood fast where others fell, and her path was "as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." And to my young readers, who have repented and believed the Gospel, I must present an admonition as we pass. Shrink from any half measures in religion. Rest not without a personal and abiding sense of acceptance with God through faith in the atoning sacrifice of Jesus. And then, rejoicing in the

possession of this pearl of great price, go forth as the witnesses of Jesus. Think not that you may pass on in the paths of secrecy unobserved and unknown. Show your colours, wear your badge. Be this the motto of your life: "My heart is fixed; O God, my heart is fixed." Be decided in your religious experience; decided in your church-membership; decided in your observance of ordinances; decided in your religious activities. "Go forth to the fountain whence all high and holy influences are to be derived, and drink deeply there; and, coming back again to the ordinary engagements of the world, pronounce before them all, 'I am the Lord's.'"

"'Tis not for man to trifle. Life is brief,
And sin is here.

An age is but the falling of a leaf,
A dropping tear.

We have no time to sport away the hours;
All must be earnest in a world like ours.

"Not many lives, but only one we have—
Frail fleeting man!

How sacred should that one life ever be—
That narrow span!

Day after day filled up with blessed toil,
Hour after hour still bringing in new spoil."

CHAPTER II.

WALK WITH GOD.

“I will walk before the Lord in the land of the living.”

SECTION I.

It has always been a favourite doctrine with “the people called Methodists,” that every justified believer is invited to a higher state, of which the great characteristic is, a standing “perfect and complete in all the will of God.” The Bible tells them, in a thousand different forms, that there is no imperfection in the remedial operations of Divine grace. It not only abates the violence, but terminates the existence, of disease. It does not partially remove, but entirely destroys, the vicious propensities of the carnal mind. It effects not merely the subjugation, but the death, of every unruly passion,—of every unholy desire. It substitutes the fruits of the Spirit for the lusts of the flesh. It withdraws the

affections from the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, and places them "on things above, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God." Can anything less than this be intended by such passages as the following? "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." (1 John i. 9.) "Knowing this, that our old man is crucified with Him, that the body of sin might be destroyed," (not partially removed, not greatly weakened, but entirely "destroyed,") "that henceforth we should not serve sin. For he that is dead is freed from sin." (Rom. vi. 6, 7.) "Having therefore these promises, dearly beloved, let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God." (2 Cor. vii. 1.) If these passages mean anything, they surely mean that a state of entire separation from sin, and entire consecration to God, may be attained in the full vigour of life; and, being once attained, need not be sacrificed in the rude bustle of the world. Temptations

may be very many; our own weakness very great; the customs of society very wicked; family cares engrossing; business affairs perplexing; but still, by the grace of God, we may have such constant communications of spiritual energy and power as will preserve spirit, soul, and body "blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ."

Shortly after Catharine's conversion she felt a holy startling and kindling in her bosom,—a fervent and intense ambition for this great blessing, with its attendant fruits of happiness. The eye of faith fixed its gaze on this as a living reality; and she refused to be satisfied until she could reckon herself "dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord." Her own expressions are these:—"Although I feel truly grateful for the measure of religion that I possess, yet I am grieved at the variations of my experience. Sometimes I am all peace, all confidence, all love. Then, I am tried with wandering thoughts and roving affections; my desires to be holy, and happy, and useful,

are benumbed by the chilling influence of worldly affairs, and I feel discouraged and condemned. I know these variations of feeling are common to professors; but I do not believe them to be a necessary appendage to a life of piety. We may *walk* in the light of the Lord. The salvation procured for us by the infinite atonement is a perfect and full salvation,—a salvation from the inbeing of sin. When the matured Christian realizes the prayer of the Apostle, and is ‘rooted and grounded in love,’ he shall

‘Be no more to sin inclined,
Witnessing to all mankind,
Jesu’s is a perfect mind.’

Glory to God for a deep conviction of the power of grace; but I would—yes, I would *now* ask, through the adorable Redeemer, for a copious outpouring on my soul of the influences of grace; a deeper baptism of the Spirit; a plunge into the fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness.”

Many temptations were presented to the mind to keep her from the enjoy-

ment of this inestimable blessing. The enemy told her it was too great to be secured;—that it was presumption in one so young to expect it;—that if she secured it, she would never hold it fast, and never act consistently with the profession of it. These were the opiates by which the great deceiver strove to lull the conscience asleep concerning one of God's greatest gifts. But she prayed and struggled on, till one day, when she was about seventeen years of age, sitting in the company of two holy women who were visiting the Circuit, she was directed by them to open her heart *just now*, and receive Christ and His great salvation. They told her of the all-cleansing blood, of the precious promise, of the abundant mercy of her God: faith sprung up, and, (using her own expression,) “after wrestling a short time, I had an application of the blood Divine, and could confidently exclaim,—

“Tis done: Thou dost this moment save,
With full salvation bless;
Redemption through Thy blood I have,
And spotless love and peace.’ ”

The members of her family are not likely to forget that afternoon when she returned home "in the fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ." Her very countenance, like the face of Moses, was shining with the lustre of heavenly glory. "I felt I could give my all to Him," she said; "and that moment He gave His all to me." Her joy was indeed "unspeakable and full of glory." The expressions of her grateful love and filial confidence came pouring forth from the fountain within. She told us how she could claim every promise of the Bible as her own. She told us how precious Jesus was,—how glorious in His person,—how rich in His grace,—how faithful to His word,—how suitable in His offices. She told us that she felt such a sinking into the will of God as could not be described. And, let the sceptic and formal professor say what they may, the evidence was indubitable that she was then "filled with all the fulness of God." In her Journal we find the following record:—"I went, on returning home, to my Leader, and told

her how great things the Lord had done for me. We prayed together for some time; but when I was gone, she threw herself before the mercy-seat, saying, 'O God! a leper at thy feet I fall. I will not let Thee go, I will not rise from this spot, except Thou bless me.' The words were soon applied to her heart,— 'Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee;' and she then entered into the conscious enjoyment of full salvation." How beautiful is the scene that is depicted here! The youthful Christian, filled with the Spirit, takes the hand of the aged pilgrim, and leads her into the land of Gospel promise. She had heard of its glories, she had longed for its enjoyment; but an insuperable barrier seemed to lie across her path. And now by the mouth of a mere babe in Christ she is taught how near is the blessing, and how simple the faith that brings it home. She prayed, she believed, she rejoiced, and the sobriety of age joins with the enthusiasm of youth in proclaiming this glorious truth: "The blood

of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth from all sin."

There is nothing in a state of entire consecration to God which excludes the power of temptation, or the liability to fall.* Indeed, every Christian who is panting for holiness as the only element in which he can live, will be the object of special and vigorous attack from the Evil One. Satan knows how the blessing of perfect love will dethrone him out of the human heart, and bring glory to the blessed Saviour; and by every possible means will he strive to rob the soul of its possession, and infuse a spirit of con-

* Mr. Wesley's language on this subject is very clear and convincing. "Can they fall from it?" that is, from perfect love. "I am well assured they can: matter of fact puts this beyond dispute. Formerly we thought, one saved from sin could not fall; now we know the contrary. We are surrounded with instances of those who lately experienced all that I mean by perfection. They had both the fruit of the Spirit, and the witness; but they have now lost both. Neither does any one stand by virtue of anything that is implied in the nature of the state. There is no such height or strength of holiness as it is impossible to fall from. If there be any that cannot fall, this wholly depends on the promise of God."

tentment with the average measure of piety that is enjoyed in the religious world. At the period of Catharine's history at which we have now arrived, she was young in years, and comparatively ignorant of Satan's devices. She therefore required to be taught the way of God more perfectly; and especially to be told that her one duty now was simply *to abide in Jesus*; as she had received Him, so to walk in Him; to renew the consecration of soul and body day by day, and press forward to greater heights of holiness. It would have been easy then, even for one so young, to walk in the unclouded light of holy love. How long she retained "both the fruit of the Spirit and the witness" does not now appear: probably not many months. Gradually, almost imperceptibly, she lost her hold of Jesus as a perfect Saviour, and again felt the workings of an unbelieving heart. On November 19th, 1839, we find her mourning her loss, but still resolving that "Holiness to the Lord" should be the motto of her life.

“I cannot doubt,” she says, “that I am now in the favour of God; but I want

‘A heart in every thought renew’d,
And full of love Divine.’

I believe that entire sanctification is necessary to extensive usefulness: and the Lord knows my heart, how I long to ‘pluck poor souls out of the fire.’ And as to its making me singular in the eyes of the world, what is that to me? A few more rising suns at most, and I shall stand before the tribunal of heaven; then all will be forgotten save how I prepared for that eternal state. O, why do I attach so much importance to these fleeting trifles? By Thine help, henceforth, I will be Thine: draw me closer; give me constantly to see things in their true light; cleanse Thou me from secret faults; and should I turn to the right or left, speak, either in the still small voice, or in the rolling thunder, but bring me back to Thee. I lie in Thy hands as clay in those of the potter; but ‘let me take the mould Divine.’”

Her own statements, as taken from her Journal, which from the year 1839 to 1850, she kept with great regularity and care, will now be the best exposition of the state of heart in which she lived. The reader will here perceive how jealously she watched the workings of her mind; how diligently she observed the ordinances of religion; and how intensely she longed to walk in the unclouded light of holiness.

August 22d, 1839.—"I feel encouraged that though I am sometimes anxious about things not relating to the kingdom, yet, in my seasons of reflection and retirement, my one desire is for such a flowing of love to Jesus in my soul as will at all times bear down everything to its sway. I have been thinking and praying on the subject of mingling with company not decidedly religious. I have no relish for the society of any but thorough Christians; but I regret to say that I have frequently been thrown into company where there has been scarcely anything advanced which was likely to benefit my soul. I have

prayed, on entering such company, that if no one else would begin a religious conversation, I might be enabled so to do: but the time has passed away; other topics have engaged all our attention, and I have gone away sorrowful. May the Lord teach me what is His will concerning me, and give me strength to follow Him through 'evil' as well as through 'good report.'"

August 29th—"Last night I saw an advertisement of a situation which, perhaps, had I solicited, might have been secured to me; but I felt such an assurance that I am where the Lord would have me be, that I could not take a step. I feel very much interested in my tract-district; I love my classes in the schools of Sevenoaks and Seal; my Missionary subscribers are increasing; and sometimes, when collecting the subscription, I have an opportunity of speaking for Christ: I can be useful to my brothers and sisters. Hence, for the present, I remain where I am; only praying that heaven would crown my feeble endeavours with success."

September 2d.—"I am puzzled and troubled on the subject of trifling conversation among Christians. There are friends in whose company I delight to be, because I have so high an opinion of their piety; but I hear from them much of frivolity, and merriment, and lightness. If I were to mention it, I dare say the reply would be, that 'there is no need to be always serious,' and that 'religious people ought to be cheerful,' &c. But I cannot forget 'that every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment.' I want to observe the golden mean,—to be as cheerful and happy as the love of God can make me, and yet always ready to converse on subjects that will benefit the soul."

There are several other entries in her Journal on the same important subject. Like every young Christian, she panted for the company of religious people, and anticipated the sweetest and holiest intercourse—an uninterrupted strain of religious conversation. And there were friends whose company produce

no disappointment. Happy and holy themselves, they delighted to help the youthful pilgrim in her temptations and her prayers. But—as, alas! in every religious society—there were others whose conversation was not consistent with the Gospel of Christ,—worldly-minded professors, who could spend hours in mere gossip; others who were as intent upon things seen and temporal as any “without the camp;” and others who, to a lamentable extent, were given “to foolish talking and jesting.” And, as she listened, a cold chill fell upon her heart, which seemed like a frosty atmosphere acting upon a newly-exposed plant. Let it not be said that she expected too much. Does not the Bible lay the greatest stress upon the proper government of the tongue? “Let no corrupt communication proceed out of your mouth, but that which is good to the use of edifying, that it may minister grace unto the hearers.” (Eph. iv. 29.) “Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom; teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and

hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord." (Col. iii. 16.) "Let your speech be alway with grace, seasoned with salt, that ye may know how ye ought to answer every man." (Col. iv. 6.) This is the law under which, as Christians, we are placed; and if religion were exercising its supreme command over our heart's affections, how gladly should we turn aside from vanities to converse on the subjects nearest and dearest to our hearts! "We expect children to talk of toys and playthings; ploughmen, of land and cattle; soldiers, of campaigns and battles; sailors, of seas and storms; princes, of crowns and kingdoms; and Christians, of God and heaven." And "if any man among you seem to be religious, and bridleth not his tongue, but deceiveth his own heart, this man's religion is vain." (James i. 26.)

SECTION II.

September 8th.—Sunday afternoon.—
“Now that I have half-an-hour to myself, I would retire and spend it, Lord, with Thee. What have I been doing in the week just past? I am thankful to say, notwithstanding my many unprofitable hours, I have had the one great object generally in view. I did endeavour to do something to promote my Redeemer’s kingdom. I have lately felt, more than I ever did before, a desire to spend all my energies in winning souls to Christ. What shall I do to make Him known? Mr. Britten has been telling us, this morning, how much we may promote the work of God by praying for our Ministers. I hope it will be generally more attended to. I think, in the strength of the Lord, it shall on my part. How unfeignedly would some of us rejoice to see our chapel filled with attentive hearers! I feel very much for my tract-district. There are many of the people still in

nature's night. I trust the Lord will put a word in my mouth, and then give efficacy to it for them."

September 22d.—Sunday noon.—“I think I shall not soon forget the season I had about midnight. After our minds had been raised by singing the praises of God at family-worship, my dear sister and I retired to our room, but not to sleep. The lovely moon was shining brightly; we had finished a week of toil; my mind was sweetly stayed on God; and by sister's exclaiming, ‘What a delightful entrance on the Sabbath!’ a train of thought was suggested that was highly profitable. I lifted up my heart in prayer that the Lord would grant me a good Sunday, and had a sweet assurance that He would fulfil a desire thus wrought by the Holy Spirit. And He has. We had this morning a beautiful sermon from, ‘Let us go on to perfection.’ And, while the Minister spoke of the blessedness of such a state, how were my desires awakened! Sometimes I am harassed with the thought that if I had someone ever at hand who enjoyed the

blessing, and in whose life it was exemplified, it would greatly help me. But I have one great Exemplar,—even Jesus; I have a perfect standard in the word of God, which I may consult; and I *will* seek for grace to conform myself to it, without considering what other and older believers do.”

October 20th.—“I almost sink under the weight of recording the following fact. Some few weeks ago, having a friend from London to preach, we invited several to hear him, among whom was a female—a mother of a family. As she was sitting, I poured out my soul that the Lord would bless her. I never before felt such earnestness and importunity with God on behalf of another. Since that time she has been regularly to chapel, (a very great thing for her,) and, I must believe, has a far greater desire to save her soul than ever.

‘O could I ever pray,
And never, never faint!’

If we are to understand in its literal import the passage, ‘Whatsoever two of you shall agree on earth, as touching any-

thing that they shall ask, it shall be done for them,' how reprehensible are we! May I enter into the spirit of my duty!"

November 10th.—Sunday morning.—“What a delightful train of thought one may pursue on a Sabbath morning! Take our own beloved Connexion only, and what efforts are this day put forth to bring souls to God! What a number of Preachers declaring the counsel of God! How many pious teachers endeavouring to lead the young ones to the Cross! What a quantity of tracts, those silent messengers of mercy, distributed! In how many places is the word of consolation carried to the chamber of sickness! And when we believe that this great machine is touched at the spring by the hand Divine, what reason have we to believe that its operations will be productive of signal benefit! O blessed Jesus, who knowest the feebleness of Thy followers, now whisper to their hearts the cheering words, ‘In due season ye shall reap, if ye faint not.’”

December 5th.—“I was told of a friend

who, at the renewal of the covenant, vowed to the Lord that she would take up *every* cross in the ensuing year. How have I shunned my crosses! But in the fear of the Lord, and with a firm reliance on His grace, I will endeavour from this time to do as she has done. But while I write my nature shrinks. I seem as if I want a corner to creep out of. My sinful heart would be so glad to be excused the taking up of some few. But why make any reserve? No; I will not. With my hand and heart I write it: *Every* cross shall be taken up for the love of my Saviour. I do inwardly resolve to shun no duty which I owe to Him who gave His life for worthless me."

December 29th.—"I will encourage myself in the Lord, and go forward. Even now, very little moves me. If I have a little trial, I cast it on the Lord; if a darling object to accomplish, I begin to sing,—

'If what I wish is good,
And suits the will Divine,
By earth and hell in vain withstood,
I know it shall be mine.'

My will is nearly lost. I have power given me at the trying moment to take up the cross. I can say, in the unrestricted sense of the expression, 'Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee.' Yes, I feel I could cast at Thy feet the nearest and dearest object, if it robbed me of my Jesus. Praise the Lord, O my soul!"

Such is the closing record of the year 1839. And who does not discover all the elements of holiness in these grateful acknowledgments? Her heart was the Lord's. Her best affections were given to Him. Her will bowed down in lowliest submission; and she rendered an unreserved obedience to His law. What a triumph of grace! how like the experience of an American Minister, who had just laid his all upon the altar in solemn consecration to God! "If the crown," says he, "and the sceptre, and the riches, and the homage of the world had been mine, I should have leaped for joy, and run to give Christ the sceptre and the crown, the riches and the

homage, and to lay myself in the dust at His feet, to be his humblest, lowliest servant for evermore. The love of the world was gone; no sinful indulgence had any charm for me; my whole heart was won by Christ, and filled with overflowing love to Him; and I felt that a thousand hearts, had they been mine, would have been most joyfully consecrated to His service." Will not the reader join the writer in the prayer,—

“O that all the art might know
Of living thus to Thee!
Find their heaven begun below,
And here Thy glory see!
Walk in all the works prepared
By Thee to exercise their grace,
Till they gain their full reward,
And see Thy glorious face!”

In the early part of the year 1840 we find her engaged in solemn meditation on one of the highest privileges of the covenant-fellowship with God.

January 19th.—“I have just returned from the house of God, where I went to pay my vows in the presence of His people. I trust I shall never forget the subject of the discourse, 1 John i. 3.

Our excellent Preacher, Mr. Fry, showed us what was comprehended in fellowship with the Father, the means by which it was to be enjoyed, and the motives which should induce us to seek it. And will the Lord Jehovah in very deed converse with man? Yes, He thus condescends to His creatures. This is not a mere article of my creed, much less is it an enthusiastic dream: it is a matter of joyous experience. My own soul tells me that there have been seasons when I held intimate communion with the King of Heaven." She sometimes complains that her communion was marred by the intrusion of worldly thoughts, and sometimes that the spirit of prayer appeared to slumber: but she had her hours sacred to devotion, hallowed and set apart for prayer; and very often, as her Journal testifies, she found the throne of grace accessible; by faith she saw a God of grace upon it, and the sweet incense of the Redeemer's merits going up; she drew near, breathed out her wants, and said, "It is good for me to draw near to God."

A few months after the above was penned she thankfully records some of these happy seasons:—

“For the last few days I have had times of peculiar nearness to the Lord. On Thursday I had such a time in private as I shall not soon forget. I felt such an abandonment of self, such a spirit of dedication, as made me fear conversation with anyone, lest it might disturb the communion between my soul and its God. I kept repeating the beautiful stanzas of our hymn,—

‘Take my soul and body’s powers,
Take my memory, mind, and will,’ &c.

And I felt such confidence in the guardian care of my Father, such a delightful conviction that he had ‘made an hedge about me, and about all that I have on every side,’ as made me feelingly exclaim,—

“My soul into Thy hands I give;
And, if he can obtain Thy leave,
Let Satan pluck me thence.”

Very suitable to these feelings was this

morning's discourse, founded on, 'I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day.' Yes, He, my Saviour, who was wounded for me, will keep my soul. He offers Himself as the Depositary of my life, my peace, my immortality. I have consigned my immortal interests to His protection, who will graciously preserve them amidst the accidents of time, the ravages of death, and the infinitude of eternity."

Still later, in the same year, a happy sense, of the Divine presence, and love of communion with God, are expressed in words still more exulting:—

"Since writing the above, of how many mercies have I been the happy, thankful partaker! When in perplexity, the Lord has been my counsellor; in trial, my support; in weakness, my strong tower: and, though I look back with shame on the many seasons when my heart has been set on other subjects than those which are Divine, there have been times when I have realized th.

presence of the Lord with a certainty of His favour, which has made me willing to renounce the world, the beauties of nature, the pleasures of social intercourse, and the delights of love, so that I might enter into the presence of Jesus, where no sin is. I am a pilgrim, a traveller to the skies. The hope which I feel within, and which my brother has been speaking of in our pulpit to-night, animates me to prosecute my journey with quicker pace and more cheerful feelings."

While Catharine was thus careful to maintain an intimate communion with God, she was deeply convinced that the *first* moments of the day should be sacredly set apart for God. Few young people have been more busily engaged in the affairs of life than she was. And often, in the summer season, when health would allow, she was up "a great while before day," preparing her mind by holy meditation and prayer, so that she might, for that day, be able to utter words of which she was very fond:—

“My hands are but engaged below,
My heart is still with Thee.”

And if, at any time she allowed sleep or some worldly call to interfere between her and her early hour of devotion, she mourned over it before God, and, as a warning for time to come, recorded her sense of the painful loss which thus she suffered. “I have been sorrowful and depressed to-day. This morning, having dressed hastily, I allowed myself to engage in needlework before I had been upon my knees in prayer: I intended to embrace another opportunity for that exercise, but other engagements interposed; the hour slipped hastily away; the world filled my mind; and I have had to suffer all day long for my folly and my sin.” Is there one of my readers who does not fully understand these remarks? Let your early hour for devotion pass, and how hard you find that hour is to recover! Indeed, with the majority of mankind, we know such recovery is simply and absolutely impossible. “They have engagements, fixed and imperative, which would no

more wait on passing convenience than would time or tide; so that, with them, the customary opportunity for devotion, lost for that day, is lost for ever. Nor does it fare much better with those who are less slaves to this hard-driving necessity, whose time, as they say, is their own, when they permit sleep or some worldly interruption to break in upon the time they ought to give to God: for on that first interruption hangs another, and another, and another. It is Gad: 'a troop cometh.' You no sooner take up your Bible than you have to lay it down again, and the mind's freshness is gone, gone utterly; to try to recover it then were like trying to give back its bloom to the handled grape, or to restore the dew-bead which the sun's heat had melted away. How much of wisdom was there in the words of David, '*In the morning shalt Thou hear my voice!*' Everything favours you at that season: the understanding is clear, the heart unruffled, and the spirit buoyant; whilst the sweet silence which pervades all outward things is as

if heaven and earth were holding in their breath just to hear God's children pray."

The year 1841 was a year of special blessing for the Society at Sevenoaks. For a long time the people of God had mourned over the tardiness with which true religion was advancing in the town. And from the altar of the secret chamber, from the scene of family-devotion, and from the social prayer-meeting, the cries of God's elect went up into His ears, that, in place of the few drops, so fitfully and sparingly scattered, the windows of heaven might be opened, and there might descend "showers of blessing." Catharine had very deeply sympathized with the longing desires, the spirit of fervent, importunate prayer, which prevailed around her. "I never before felt such a desire for poor souls to be brought to the fold of Christ as lately. Our Preachers seem to be living for a revival, and expecting it. Surely the Lord will remember us in our low estate here! But can it ever be that we should see our dear

little chapel too strait for the attentive inquirers? Lord, for this we pray: do make this a very prosperous year, for Thy own glory's sake!" Three months later she writes: "Our class was met in the evening for tickets, and the presence of the Lord was felt amongst us. One dear woman told us that the Lord had pardoned her sins. I was so full of joy that I could not refrain from expressing aloud my gratitude. O, how I long for the salvation of souls! If there be anything in me as a member of Society which is likely to prove a hindrance, Lord, remove it! If by anything I could say or do a revival might be promoted, O give me to see it! I think we have the promise of a shower. At our class-meeting, there were six or seven who seemed earnestly seeking the blessing of holiness; and if it be an invariable rule that when the Church is stirred up the increase comes, may we not hope for better days?"

It was not long before these prayerful anticipations were realized. In the first instance, a day was set apart for united

intercession; then the Ministers of the Circuit issued a circular requesting every member of Society to join them daily at the throne of grace, between the hours of twelve and two, to pray for the descent of the Holy Ghost. Is it, therefore, surprising that we meet with the following entry?—

“I would record with unfeigned gratitude that the Lord does seem to be reviving His work amongst us. Last Sunday evening we had such a prayer-meeting as, I believe, I never before attended in our chapel. Every one seemed wrestling for a present blessing,—for a shower of Divine love on God’s heritage; and there seems to be a universal expectation of a glorious revival.”

Many of the residents of that neighbourhood would have some of their most pleasing recollections revived, if I could give the full records of those “days of grace” as I find them in my sister’s Journal. How she delights to write of penitents flocking to a given spot in the sanctuary to avow themselves earnest seekers of a present par-

don—of young people from the Sunday-school consecrating their service to the Lord—of lukewarm professors, roused again to exertion, lamenting their past indolence, and renewing their faith in the Son of God! And though she acknowledges that, in meetings of noise and excitement, she found it difficult to wait before the Lord with that calm and hallowed devotion that she wished to cherish, yet, with pious submission, she resolves, “If the Lord is pleased to manifest His saving power to poor penitents in the midst of shouts, never will I presume to speak a word against it. Only let signs and wonders like these appear, and whatever be the mode of their coming, or the human agency by which they have been produced, there is the revival for which we have all been praying; and I do rejoice, yea, and will rejoice.” Many are fallen asleep, over whom the church at Seven-oaks, during those months of blessing, shed tears of gladness. Others have wandered from the Saviour, to whom, before many witnesses, they plighted

their vows. But some continue unto this day, and, in their various spheres, are actively engaged, being "valiant for the truth." Haste again, ye days of grace!

SECTION III.

HITHERTO, in Catharine's history, there had been but little to disturb the mind. The Saviour's declaration, "In the world ye shall have tribulation," she understood only in theory. Again and again does she acknowledge the abundance of her mercies; but never does she record that sorrow had mingled its bitter ingredients in the cup she was called to drink. Bereavement had never darkened her home. Poverty had never imposed its privations. Disease had never inflicted its stroke. Friends had never withdrawn their smile. And, perhaps, if her destiny had been in the hands of short-sighted man, he would have decreed that the night of sorrow should never spread its drapery around her. But how then would the graces of

the Spirit be brought unto vigorous maturity? How could she have learned the preciousness of the Gospel promises? Who could have taught her sympathy with those who should pour into her ear the details of their grief? God knows what is best for his children, and therefore frequently throws the pall of gloom over the sunniest prospect, and touches His loved onewhere that touch is the most keenly felt. Then it is that he learns to pray, to trust, to understand the promises, to inscribe "vanity" upon the toys of life, to

"Loose from the earth the grasp of fond desire,
Weigh anchor, and some happier clime explore."

No pen can adequately describe the deep anxiety that for two whole years racked and tortured my sister's mind. While maintaining an outward cheerfulness, which rendered her nearest friends unconscious of her grief, she went into solitude, again and again, to record such expressions as these: "I must acknowledge this is the greatest trial of my life. I never before knew what it was to have my rest disturbed

by mental anxiety: (O, what a scene of sunshine has my short life been!) but sometimes, during the month, I have perceived my sister sweetly sleeping by my side, while I have been tossed on my pillow. I cannot see an inch before me; and this is the secret of my troubled mind—that ‘I know not the way that I should take.’ In Lady Maxwell’s language: ‘I feel a constant dread of yielding to my own will, and a fear lest I should mistake His.’”

For a little while, the great enemy took advantage of her perplexity, to interrupt her communion and to mar her confidence. She says, “I was sadly beclouded. I found little or no relief in prayer. My mind was a scene of conflicting passions. I felt anxiety, and could not

‘Leave to His sovereign sway
To choose and to command.’”

But the tempter was rebuked; and, through the many months in which she walked in the midst of trouble, she learned to pray with new power; felt how precious was the privilege of having ■ God, a *Father*, to flee to; made the

throne of grace the outlet of all sorrow and the inlet of all joy; rested with holy confidence in the promises of the Word; and thankfully acknowledged that they poured a tide of richer comfort into her soul than the sweetest human balm, or even the entire removal of the trial, could have done. "I have generally been sweetly enabled to cast my care on God, while such an application of the promises of Divine direction has been made to my mind as I never before experienced; and, praise His name, I feel a delight, a sacred satisfaction, in committing myself and all my little concerns into the hands of that God who doeth all things well. In God, and in Him only, is my hope. My disturbed mind is more than hushed by the application of that blessed Scripture: 'All things,' that occur in the Lord's government of His people, 'work together for good.'" Again: "Truly the goodness of my heavenly Father surpasses all my thought. How He condescends to my weakness, causing the light to break forth in darkness! He has lately been revealing Himself in His

Word, and that in a manner which has surprised me. On Saturday I had been musing till my heart was sad. I took the Bible, praying God to apply some word to meet the exigencies of my condition. I opened, and instantly glanced on that text, 'Be strong, and of good courage; dread not, nor be dismayed.' It was enough. I took it as a message from above. My soul received a spiritual quickening, and I could sweetly testify, 'This is my comfort in my affliction: Thy word hath quickened me.'"

One other extract must be given as expressive of the filial confidence which this time of trial educed. It was written on the opening of the month of May. "Another delightful month, with all its surpassing beauties, opens upon me. Truly, all nature attests the Creator. The balmy breeze, bearing upon it the odour of spring flowers, and the harmony of feathered songsters, braces me to thankfulness that I have a heart to enjoy it all. If I saw all this, and were mourning a recent bereavement, or if I felt it, and my callous heart were at

enmity with its glorious Author, how could I love to gaze on the grand, imposing landscape? But, through the atonement, I am pardoned and adopted, and can exultingly shout, 'My Father made them all.' 'My Father!' let me glory in the relationship. 'I ascend unto *My* Father, and *your* Father.' O infinite condescension! O happy thought! 'My Father:' and shall I doubt His love? 'My Father:' and shall I not trust His power? 'My Father:' and shall I mistrust His guidance and protection? Rather let me make my boast of His goodness and power. He is still faithful and true, gracious and merciful; and let me yield myself implicitly to Him.

'Thou never, never wilt forsake
A helpless worm that trusts in Thee.'"

From these, and many other extracts that might be given, it appears how quietly she reposed on the glorious truth, "My times are in Thy hand." She had no sympathy with the teachings of infidelity,—that it is derogatory from

the greatness of God to suppose that He busies Himself with the daily minutiae of our lives, and either orders or regards the details of our existence. She received the unnumbered statements of the Bible in simple faith, and believed, without a moment's hesitancy, that *she*, in the trifling circumstances of her individual history, was cared for by God with as true a solicitude as though, in all the circumference of the universe, there were not another being requiring His regard. Influenced by such a belief, she strove to dismiss all undue anxiety, and committed everything, small as well as great, into the hand of Him who cannot be overcome by multitude, nor overpowered by magnitude. And, after the lapse of two years, deliverance came; sorrow rolled up its sombre drapery, and disappeared; and there rose the music of faith and love from her grateful heart.

February 15th, 1844.—“My birthday.—Where shall my wondering soul begin to recount the mercies bestowed upon me through another year of my poor life? ‘My spirit doth rejoice in God

my Saviour.' 'I was brought low, and He helped me, and delivered me out of all my troubles.' Especially would I record His lovingkindness in breaking the hovering cloud. The God in whom I imperfectly trusted has wrought salvation, while His powerful voice proclaimed, 'Hitherto shalt thou come, and no farther.' O, I would adore His providence, which, when I was wearied out with trouble, removed the burden. 'Who ever trusted in Him and was confounded?' None! Here am I, lightened of my load, walking in a plain path, surrounded with temporal comforts and spiritual blessings, 'nor cast one longing, lingering look behind.' What, O! what, shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits? I have nought to offer but a polluted, wandering heart. Take it, my Father! for the sake of Jesus, take it; and then impart the signature Divine, the stamp of perfect love! I have not had one trial too many: they were necessary to wean me from the world. All is well, because Thou didst it. And now, O my Redeemer, to Thy blood I come to wash out all that

has been displeasing to Thee through the trying time. To the purchased grace I apply for present supplies, to enable me afresh to walk in all the paths of duty. And I resolve, in the strength of God, that I will trust Thee for the future, and never fear in everything to let my requests be made known unto Thee. Lord, help me ! ”

One of the supporting considerations to which my sister resorted in the time of her distress, was, that “all things,” under the righteous government of God, must necessarily be working out some great good in the experience of His people. She knew this because God had said it. She knew it because others had testified to it. But now she could set her own seal to the truth, because she had experienced it herself. Hence she writes :—

“Now that the trial is over, and my mind has assumed its wonted serenity, I would ask myself what benefit I have derived from this season of providential darkness ? First, it has driven me more frequently to the throne of grace.

Secondly, it has made me regard my heavenly Parent as a God of providence. Thirdly, it has been the means of making me rely more implicitly on the promises of the word : and I believe I have learned other lessons, which I cannot now particularize."

Thus graciously did the Father of mercies interpose on behalf of His troubled child. He led her by a way that she knew not—a way that she would never have chosen—a way that was planted with many thorns, and watered with many tears; but it was "the right way." She saw it to be such before she passed away into the bright disclosures of eternity. The trial had accomplished its benign and heaven-sent mission; and she not only rejoiced in the deliverance, but gloried in the tribulation also. Happy is it for the Christian, when, in his youth, he learns those lessons which my sister gratefully records. What an abundant recompense do they afford for the deepest sorrow! Let the stroke be ever so severe, the medicine ever so bitter, the

cloud ever so dark,—if the soul is but led to a prayerful trust in the God of providence, all is well. His wisdom will guide; His love will direct; His power will sustain; His faithfulness will fulfil every promise; and, in a little while, (O, how soon!) the child of sorrow will pass from earth to heaven, and, in its clearer, serener light, shall read the truth “oft read with tears before:” “All things work together for good to them that love God.”

Catharine, being now delivered from the disquiet and depression through which she had passed, applies herself with a rejoicing heart to the great work of life. “I feel,” she says, “so free to serve the Lord!” And we shall see from her own testimony, borne as in the presence of God, how she is weaned from the world, from self, from creature-affection, and seeks His glory and smile supremely and alone.

“Sunday night. Surely, praise to my gracious God best becomes me, the recipient of His continued bounties of providence and grace. I know, when

I glance for a moment at myself, that I am very far from what I ought to be; but I will be thankful for what I am. When Mr. Gostick last Sunday evening warned the young people against the dissipation and worldly amusements of the approaching fair-days, for a moment I wondered at him: so completely dead do I feel to the allurements and vanities of this poor, perishing world. I have been taught the hollowness of them all, and daily return as a wanderer to my father's bosom, exclaiming, with David, 'My soul is even as a weaned child.' "

She afterwards explains how it was that the world's pleasures had lost their attractions. She had a portion of which the world knows nothing, and this fully satisfied the cravings of her immortal mind. "The Lord is my portion, saith my soul. Glory for ever to His name! I can appeal to Him for the truth of what my pen writes,—that He is my object and aim. I have taken Him for my God. He reigns within my heart, and constitutes my happiness. My hope

is in Him,—my desires are towards Him. Other hopes and desires I have; but if they come in collision with Him,—my Friend, my Portion,—they shall no longer find a place in my heart. That heart is His temple; and my prayer is that he may reign there unrivalled and supreme. I have the testimony of my conscience that I am not of the world; and I have the Spirit's witness that I am the Lord's. O, my God! my father's God! bless Thy worthless child!"

Thus did her spirit cleave unto the Lord. And her prevailing determination was that the bonds of the union should never be broken. "O, how thankful I feel that He forsakes me not! I never, never will forsake Him,—never while this tongue can speak, or this hand move, or this heart beat. It is true that the workings of my treacherous heart in times past make me almost afraid of declaring my purpose. But if the Lord will grant me grace,—and I am sure He will,—I mean that He shall be my God through life, and His precepts my guide.

I will acknowledge Him in all my ways,
and He shall direct my paths."

SECTION IV.

It may now be a question of interest how her heart was affected in regard to the blessing of perfect love, of which in her earlier experience she wrote with such assured and joyous confidence. Was she still impressed with its importance? Did she pant for it, pray and labour for it as the highest good of life? Yes. In her creed there was no lowering of the standard; and in her experience there was a constant reaching forth towards a practical conformity to it. She could never hear the subject mentioned in public or in social life, but her heart bounded with delight, her prayers went up to heaven, and she was made to pant with intense desire to be again, as formerly, "filled with the Spirit."

Towards the close of the year 1845 she writes:—"Let me encourage gratitude

and love to God by the recollection of several seasons of blessing which are fresh in my memory, as having occurred within the last few days. On Thursday Mr. Young met our class for tickets, and spoke, I thought, very beautifully to me, urging me not to rest till I found a rest from sin's remains through the precious blood. O, how I longed while there for a richer baptism of the Holy Spirit! On another evening while a friend was talking of holiness as the Christian's privilege, to be enjoyed through faith in Christ, I felt a sacred glow of holy desire. Few and simple were the remarks, but they were attended by that heavenly unction with which I have noticed the Lord so invariably honours this subject. I have often known our Leader turn from other themes to this, and such a change has been at once produced in our quiet class-meeting that it was not like the same. And in the family, a short time since, when one of our Preachers was praying,—

‘Let me Thy witness live
When sin is all destroyed.’

an influence, generally unknown on such occasions, was experienced to the comfort and joy of us all.* O, to be redeemed from all iniquity!"

"Sunday night. Last evening, while in the park, reading the Journal of the dear departed Annie Webb, many profitable emotions took possession of me. Her pretty, clear account of seeking and finding the 'perfect love' of God brought to my recollection the sweet seasons, when I had a taste of this great blessing. 'How sweet their memory still!' O that they might be again enjoyed! The subdued will, the freedom from earthly anxiety, the ardent desire to glorify my Maker, the love for perishing sinners, the joyful anticipation of glory,—these were the evidences of my entire consecration to the Lord my Saviour; and why should they not find a perpetual dwelling-place in my soul? If Methodists are not pursuing this blessing,

* How fully does this view accord with that of Mr. Wesley, expressed in a letter to Miss Ritchie:—

"Entire salvation from inbred sin can hardly ever be insisted upon either in preaching or prayer without a particular blessing."

I believe, from experience and observation, that, from making no progress, they soon sink into a deplorable state of indifference,—half-dead and half-alive. Lord, shed down the Spirit of holiness upon my heart, till, sanctified wholly, I

‘Bright in all Thine image shine,
By putting on Thy Son.’

“Since writing the above we have been favoured with the company of two pious friends, one a Leader, the other a Local Preacher. They seemed exactly in their element when at prayer with us, or in conversation on that important subject,—sanctification. Mr. F—— is the happy possessor of it; and Mr. H—— is earnestly seeking it. At one of our social prayer-meetings, while they were here, I was particularly blessed. All seemed to be wrestling for a deeper work within. I was struck with one remark made in that meeting; namely, that the hindrance to the enjoyment of the blessing was not so much the difficulty of obtaining it by an act of faith, as an unwillingness to receive it now. So much carnality remains within, which

‘lusteth against the Spirit,’ that, though an individual may not acknowledge it to himself, yet he is unwilling at this moment to make the surrender of everything to God, and receive the full salvation as it is offered in the word.”

“While walking towards Tunbridge, on Tuesday morning, a dear friend gave me the outline of a conversation she had had with Miss P——, from London, who seems to be an eminently devoted woman. In answer to some inquiries respecting a life of entire dedication to God, that lady said, ‘It is not making continual efforts to believe, or performing frequent acts of faith, which maintains the life of holiness; but faith must be the habit of the soul. You must hang moment by moment on the atoning merits of Christ.’ If you live by the faith of the Son of God, that faith brings into full development all the fruits of the Spirit, and the heart and character are transformed into the image of Christ.’ The question was asked, ‘Does it not require a constant effort to keep the thoughts from wandering from

God?' She replied by asking, 'Does it require effort to keep the mind fixed on a beloved fellow-creature? Is it not rather doing violence to the feelings to drag the thoughts away and keep them on other objects? So, when we love our God supremely, it becomes an easy matter to set the Lord always before our face. Every spot becomes a Bethel, every place a house of God, every district hallowed ground. His presence is felt, and realized, and carried with us to the performance of every duty, the enjoyment of every pleasure, and the endurance of every trial.' She allows of no such thing as a *desire* to be humble when the heart is unreservedly given up to God; for she says, 'If you regard yourself in your proper character, and have right ideas of a holy God, you will feel no cause for pride. Your love will be humble; your faith humble; your hopes, joys, and raptures, will all be humble; and every work which God appoints will be performed not as a labour, but as the greatest delight.' This seems clear enough; but I am

thinking how far short I fall! My mind frequently wanders from Him whom I wish to love with all my heart. Often when I feel it my duty to visit the sick or reprove sin, my soul shrinks from it, and I am obliged by prayer to avail myself of the strength of Omnipotence before proceeding to the work. And how frequently I feel the risings of pride!

‘O that my heart were all a heaven,
For ever fill’d with God!’”

It was about this time that she heard a sermon from the Rev. J. Smith, then travelling in the Chelsea Circuit. Himself living in the possession of this great salvation, he preached and enforced its attainment upon the congregations of his charge, and also upon the multitudes who flocked to hear him at those special anniversary services in which he often engaged. My sister was visiting in Sussex, when this good man, in a country village, proclaimed, “This also we wish, even your perfection.” She listened to the clear exposition and faithful enforcement of the theme, and

her heart burned with the prayerful desire, "Thy will be done." And hearing that he had engaged to preach in Seven-oaks, she requested that the congregation might be favoured with the discourse from which she herself had received so much of light and blessing. He complied with the request; and the Lord worked with him, and confirmed the word with signs following. Of this service and its results we have the following record:—

"O, how wonderfully the Spirit of God honours the doctrine of perfect love! Immediately after the benediction was pronounced, a friend from the country rose, and gave public testimony to the cleansing efficacy of the Saviour's blood. We had then a short and glorious prayer-meeting. I felt the great blessing very, very near; I almost 'touched the hem of His garment.' I believe I shall not cease seeking until I find the precious boon. I intensely long for it. O for more faith! for right views of the blessing, and the method of its attainment! Mr. S—— has been telling sister

he realized it after leaving the chapel. May scores be added to the number; and, O my God, may I be one!"

How nearly she now attained what her soul desired may be learned from her own words:—

"The Lord is good to me! I not only feel a continuance in all their power of my desires for entire sanctification, but I believe I have received an earnest of their accomplishment. The words, 'Thy faith hath saved thee,' and, 'Now ye are clean through the words which I have spoken unto you,' have been applied with remarkable power to my mind. I am only waiting now for the inward evidence that perfect love is mine. I will not, no, I cannot, rest without it; no longer will I be an 'almost Christian:' in Thy strength, blessed Jesus, I will follow Thee closely; so essential is this to my happiness and usefulness."

Shortly afterwards at the close of the Sabbath, she again sends up the ascriptions of praise:—

"Continually is my mind resolving through grace to grasp the Infinite.

Day after day am I incited by the workings of the Spirit within, to seek more of the mind of Christ; and though I have much reason for humility, yet by faith in the sinner's Friend, I lay hold of a *present* salvation: I was hesitating whether to write, a *full* salvation. I read the exceeding great and precious promises, and know they are for *me*. I give up everything else, and embrace the Saviour in all His offices;—as my Prophet, for none but He shall teach me;—as my Priest, for He alone is my Mediator and Advocate;—as my King, for I neither desire nor will submit to be governed by any other than His pure law of love. Yet I doubt my realization of the blessing I aim at. I wait for the *seal*; but, perhaps, I shall feel this rather gradually than in an instant. Though I often sing, 'Let *all my powers* Thine entrance feel,' yet I care not in which way the witness comes; let me but feel Him as I did yesterday morning before I rose, when, forsaking all other, I again and for ever chose Christ as my wisdom, my righteousness, my sanctifi-

cation, and redemption, and I am safe, I am happy."

Here we must pause to inquire, What was the reason that Catharine should hesitate any longer as to her enjoyment of entire sanctification? The only thing she asks, to give her entire and permanent satisfaction, is "the seal," "the witness." Was she right in this matter? Is there such a thing as a witness to a Christian's sanctification? On this point, Mr. Wesley speaks with his usual clearness and power:—

"When may a person judge himself to have attained this,—namely, scriptural perfection?"

"Ans. When, after having been fully convinced of inbred sin, by a far deeper and clearer conviction than that he experienced before justification, and after having experienced a gradual mortification of it, he experiences a total death to sin, and an entire renewal in the love and image of God, so as to rejoice evermore, to pray without ceasing, and in everything to give thanks. Not that 'to feel all love and no sin' is a sufficient

proof. Several have experienced this for a time, before their souls were fully renewed. *None, therefore, ought to believe that the work is done till there is added the testimony of the Spirit witnessing his entire sanctification as clearly as his justification.*"

"But does not sanctification shine by its own light?"

"Ans. And does not the new birth too? Sometimes it does; and so does sanctification: at others, it does not. In the hour of temptation, Satan clouds the work of God, and injects various doubts and reasonings, especially in those who have either very weak or very strong understandings. At such times, there is absolute need of that witness; without which the work of sanctification not only could not be discerned, but could no longer subsist. Were it not for this, the soul could not then abide in the love of God; much less could it rejoice evermore, and in everything give thanks. In these circumstances, therefore, a direct testimony that we are sanctified is necessary in the highest degree."

“But what Scripture makes mention of any such thing, or gives any reason to expect it?

“Ans. That Scripture, ‘We have received not the spirit that is of the world, but the Spirit which is of God; that we may know the things which are freely given us of God.’ (1 Cor. ii. 12.)

“Now surely sanctification is one of ‘the things which are freely given us of God.’ And no possible reason can be assigned why this should be expected, when the Apostle says, ‘We receive the Spirit’ for this very end, ‘that we may know the things which are’ thus ‘freely given us.’”*

In accordance with these views, Mr. Wesley’s followers, who are “seeking for full redemption,” are taught to sing,—

“Where the indubitable seal
That ascertains the kingdom mine?
The powerful stamp I long to feel,
The signature of love Divine:
O shed it in my heart abroad,
Fulness of love, of heaven, of God!”

* See Wesley’s “Plain Account of Christian Perfection,” pp. 48, 71, 72.

It does not, then, appear that Catharine was wrong in expecting the direct witness assuring the soul of its part in Christ's full salvation. What, then, hindered the full realization of this heavenly blessing? Did she not believe that it was procured *for her* by "the precious blood of Christ?" Had she not a deep sense of the need of the blessing? Did she shrink from being marked as peculiar amongst Christians? Was she not prepared to consecrate heart and life wholly to her Saviour? Was she not willing, without delay, to receive Jesus as He is offered to the soul, as the Saviour from sin? So far, the stumbling-blocks that lie in the way of thousands had been removed; and nothing now remained but that, standing before the mercy-seat, she should plead the blood of propitiation and the precious promise, and expect the blessing *now*. But it seems that just at this point her faith failed, and she was afraid to embrace the promise until the witness came. She heard a voice speaking to her heart: "Now ye are clean through the word which I have

spoken unto you ;” and yet she said, “I wait for the seal.” How often is the soul deluded by this insidious temptation ! God says, “I will sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean.” The soul replies, “If I could but feel the witness, I would believe it.” God says, “Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled.” The soul replies, “I wait for the seal.” Reader, it is our work to believe ; it is the Spirit’s work to give the witness : and the witness is not given to inspire our faith, but to reward its exercise. It is a remark of an eminent Christian lady, “I love to testify by my words and actions before God, angels, and men, yes, and before devils too, that I do rely on the faithfulness of God.” And, certainly we cannot more effectually honour God than by trusting His word.

“Faith, mighty faith, the *promise* sees,
And looks to that *alone* ;
Laughs at impossibilities,
And cries, ‘It shall be done.’”

God will see to it that the witness comes at the right time, and in the right way :

we must see to it that we hold with a firm unyielding grasp to the promise He has given. In the words of the sainted Fletcher, "When He says, 'Surely I come quickly' to 'make My abode with thee,' let thy faith close in with His word; ardently, and yet meekly, embrace His promise; it will instantly beget power, and with that power thou mayest instantly bring forth prayer, and possibly the prayer which opens heaven, humbly wrestles with God, inherits the blessing, and turns the well-known petition, 'Amen! even so, come Lord Jesus,' into the well-known praises, 'He is come! He is come! praise the Lord, O my soul.' Thus repent, believe, obey; and 'He that cometh will come' with a fulness of pure, meek, humble love, 'and will not tarry.' "

"Come then, my God, mark out Thine heir;
Of heaven a larger earnest give!
With clearer light Thy witness bear;
More sensibly within me live;
Let all my powers Thine entrance feel,
And deeper stamp Thyself the seal!"

CHAPTER III.

USEFULNESS.

“I must work the works of Him that sent Me, while
it is day.”

SECTION I.

WHEN God, in the exercise of His mercy, converts a soul, He converts him, not for himself only, but also for others. He converts him, not merely for the enlargement of His Church, but for the welfare of the world. “He is to be a monument, whose inscription all may read,—a city, whose beauty all may admire,—a burning and a shining light, in whose radiance all may rejoice. He is to live and labour, and, if needs be, die for others.” And it is very beautiful to observe the burstings forth of Christian benevolence in a heart which has just been brought under the power of religion. Can he confine himself to the expression of his own grateful emotions, as the sense of pardon, reconciliation, and love comes

streaming through his soul? Impossible. Overwhelmed with gratitude on account of the great deliverance, and “constrained”—carried beyond himself—by the power of Divine love, the spontaneous utterance of his heart is,—

“O for a trumpet-voice,
On all the world to call!
To bid their hearts rejoice
In Him who died for all:
For all, my Lord was crucified:
For all, for all, my Saviour died!”

The facilities which exist in these times for the operations of Christian benevolence are such that the poorest Christian, the youngest Christian, the most retiring Christian, of both sexes and of every rank, can, in some way or other, become the instrument of extensive good. There are sick people to be visited, children to be instructed, widows and fatherless to be comforted, careless ones to be admonished, and anxious inquirers to be led to the Cross. “Hence all our means—the mite of the widow, and the wealth of the affluent; the leisure of one, and the influence of another; the ardour of the young, the

wisdom of the aged, the resources of the whole—are to be combined, surrendered, and actively employed. Here the motto of each is to be, ‘None of us liveth to himself.’ ”

As soon as Catharine had obtained the pardoning mercy of God, she became inflamed with a holy zeal for the salvation of souls; and, as months and years rolled on, this feeling grew unto the strength and stability of a ruling principle. It seems that, in her early years, like many young Christians, she pictured out with fancy’s pencil methods of usefulness of the most romantic order, and longed to have her visions realized. This she acknowledges in her Journal: “During the week, my mind, in seasons of retirement, has dwelt much on a certain darling subject. I have thought on it, prayed for it, formed plans in reference to it; and, in pleasing reveries, my mind has anticipated future days of sunbright happiness and devoted usefulness. But, on Friday, I saw that I was wrong. I was allowing something to divert me from the grand object for which I am

placed in my *present* sphere. Being enabled to come to God in sincere prayer for the dispelling of the dream, He heard me; through Jesus forgave me; and has placed the temptation, in some measure, beneath my feet. My prayer is, There may it be! I commit the whole matter of my future life to God, and sing,—

‘If what I wish is good,
And suits the will Divine ;
By earth and hell in vain withstood,
I know it shall be mine.’ ”

A happy thing is it for youthful Christians thus to devote themselves to present duties, rather than revel in visions of the future. We often meet with ardent minds which, under the influence of the “first love,” are craving for a large and public sphere of useful toil. They would fain go forth to some distant enterprise. The swelling emotions of which they are conscious will not be content to work quietly and unobserved. “O that I might be a Minister!” they say; “O that I might go among the heathen!” They *may not* be wrong in

the indulgence of such a wish; but they *may*. It is comparatively an easy thing to work for souls, and to work with apparent zeal, whilst we act on some high stage, and are conscious of being subjected to the scrutiny of thousands. The hard thing is to work for God,—to reprove, rebuke, exhort, when we are altogether removed from the pomp and parade of public exhibition. And Christ generally tests the zeal of His followers by placing them, at least for a season, within narrow limits, telling them to return to their own house and neighbourhood, to show forth their religion in the daily duties of life, and work for souls as such opportunities may allow. And “he that is faithful in that which is least” will, if ever placed in a public sphere, be “faithful also in much.”

Being delivered from the temptation above referred to, Catharine now tried to live *each day* in the spirit of the inquiry, “Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?” “I must be useful,” was the language of her heart. When panting for the entire renewal of her nature,

she acknowledges that one powerful inducement to a state of holiness is, that "it is essential to usefulness in the Master's cause. She records a remark of Lady Maxwell, and gives it her cordial assent; namely, that "no soul will prosper unless it is aiming to glorify God by doing something in His service." Indeed, so was she carried forward by the ardency of her affections, that one cannot but fear her Sabbaths were overcrowded with engagements, and that far too little time was left to renew her strength and replenish her resources by a secret waiting upon the Lord. At that time she was generally at the Sunday-morning prayer-meeting at seven; in her Sunday-school class at a quarter before nine; in the public service at ten; visiting the sick at twelve; in the Sunday-school at two; distributing tracts at four; again at the chapel at half-past six, and remaining to the public prayer-meeting at eight. However we may admire the zeal which prompts to this incessant spiritual labour, everyone must see that it is perilous to the spiritual life. Pure

religion and undefiled derives its freshness, its vigour, and its gloss, from much of private prayer and private reading of the Word. And if the duties of the closet are neglected, and the mind is kept incessantly occupied by a round of public duties, religion will soon decline, and the words of the church be fearfully appropriate, "They made me keeper of the vineyards; but mine own vineyard have I not kept." The good Spirit of God did not long allow His zealous child to be unwarned of her danger; and we find her writing on a Monday morning:—

"Yesterday, though my privileges, as usual, abounded, and I never felt more thankful for them; yet it is surprising that my mind was so much distracted, especially in prayer. It might, perhaps, be owing to my hurrying from my room to the seven-o'clock prayer-meeting without private prayer. Our public and social means of grace, added to school-duties, take up so large a portion of the day, (for we love each of them too much to be absent,) that without care we lose the blessing they are designed to afford

through want of retirement; but I hope to rise earlier at another time. It is not *forbidden* objects which distract my attention, but proper topics of thought crowding the entrance-way at improper seasons."

The evil thus mourned over was inevitable, from incessant action and little devotional retirement. And were our Lord now upon earth to witness the ceaseless and bustling activity in which many of His people's Sabbaths are spent, surely He would address them as He once did His exhausted disciples, "Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place, and rest awhile."

It would be difficult to say in which department of her useful labours my sister was most happy and successful. Her own testimony will best exhibit the sincerity of her intentions, and the unwearied activity of her endeavours.

August 29th, 1841.—"Sunday evening. Glory to my merciful God, this has been a good day. Preparing for my appointment at Seal Sunday-school, I felt unusually depressed. It is always to me

a cross to leave our Sunday-morning service; and, added to that, I felt the lassitude arising from the unusually hot weather: but, believing myself to be in the way of duty, I trusted to be blessed in my deed; and so I was. I kept rising; heavenly joy diffused its influence through my soul; and this was increased through reading the Journal of one of our old Preachers, now a glorified saint in heaven. I find him complaining of levity at one time, of indifference at another, and of fears at another; but Jesus was his trust, and He is *my* trust. He applied continually to the blood which speaks our sins forgiven; and to that precious blood do I apply. He was accepted in the Beloved; and I also enter the holiest by the blood of Jesus. He lived and died a Christian; and, by help Divine, I shall do the same. Lord, strengthen Thy feeble one!"

December 12th.—"Have been to Seal to-day. Though I had a very wet journey this morning, it was not an uncomfortable one. The consciousness that I was working for Jesus made me step

along briskly and cheerfully through the rain; and throughout the day I have felt the presence of the Lord, joy in His service, and a full assurance that He will 'guide me with His counsel, and afterward receive me to glory.' During the week we have been favoured with a blessed reviving influence in connexion with our Sunday-school tea-meeting in this place. We walked through the heavy rain in the dusk of evening, but were greeted on our arrival by the welcomes and cheerful countenances of the friends. After tea Mr. B—— took the chair, and invited several to speak either on Sunday-school topics, or on the dealings of God with their souls; and, between these simple, pious addresses, fervent prayers were offered; and it was evident that expectations were highly raised for a time of singular blessing. In some of the prayers there were expressions to this effect:—'Lord, our supplications have been poured forth to Thee for Thy manifested presence; and now that we are assembled our minds are stayed on Thy promises, waiting an

answer.' It soon became evident that many were 'deep wounded by the Spirit's sword:' sobs were heard from every part of the room. But when, at nine o'clock, the benediction was pronounced, it was found impossible to close the meeting. An invitation was given to the anxious ones to remain for instruction, and to become the objects of special intercession. The Spirit's influence seemed to pervade every heart,—the power from on high came down: young and old, illiterate and intelligent, might be seen drawing together at the top of the room, and kneeling as penitents; while those who had tasted that the Lord is gracious poured out their mighty intercessions for the deliverance of the captives, or pointed them to the Lamb of God. I felt unutterable things; my lips seemed to be touched with a live coal from the holy altar, as I repeated to one and another the promises of pardon. I never saw such a fulness in the promise, 'Him that cometh unto Me I will in nowise cast out,' as I did when quoting it to a respectable female

who was mourning because she had so many times spurned the proffered mercy of God. Before we left, fifteen *professed* (and who that saw them could doubt?) to find acceptance through the atonement. 'This is the Lord's doing; it is marvellous in our eyes.' "

SECTION II.

When Catharine undertook the duties of tract-distributer, it was with a prayerful resolution to embrace every opportunity of instructing and benefiting the people of her district. She was careful to fix upon a time for the work when the people generally would be at home, and free from the bustling engagements of family-life; and her resolutions were, "first, to be regular; secondly, to call at every house, whether the inmates were likely or not to welcome the visiter; thirdly, to embrace all opportunities of inviting people to the chapel, and children to the Sunday-school; and, fourthly, to pray frequently for God's blessing

upon these efforts." These resolutions she sacredly observed; and often, on returning home, she records, to the glory of God, that He, by His Spirit's might, had strengthened her to take up the hallowed cross, and to converse and pray with several of the families in her district. And many instances were brought to her knowledge, in which the Almighty affixed His special benediction to the labours of His handmaid. The following instances may be given as examples of her success:—

"Father was told to-day that in one of the families I visited on Sunday there was a visiter present who had been many years ago converted to God, but had lost the life of religion, and gone back into the world. The conversation and prayer were made the means of bringing to his recollection days gone by, when the candle of the Lord shined upon his head; and he is coming to chapel to-night, as the first step towards recovering his forfeited peace. O, may the Lord meet him there!"

"Feeling very tired to-day, something

would fain have persuaded me to give up the idea of going into my tract-district; but the hope of finding the people disengaged prevailed over my fatigue, and I found poor A—— quite alone. I had not conversed with him for several weeks; and the hollow, tearing cough, shaking the weak, wasted frame, proved but too plainly that his days are numbered. He said, ‘I come, Miss Field, to God as a guilty sinner, through Jesus Christ, who died for me; and I feel that God is not angry with me. His anger is turned away, and He comforts me. I have been reading the Life of a good man, and it greatly encourages me; for I find that he had the same fears and temptations that I have. During the many, many hours that I am awake in the night,’ (he cannot lie down,) ‘and in the day too, I am engaged in mental prayer. I cannot pray aloud, for my daughters would directly interrupt me by the singing of songs; and thus, like Solomon I can say, by night on my bed I sought Him whom my soul loveth.’ Poor, dear man! A sinner saved by

grace! 'Is anything too hard for the Lord?' O that he might have a triumphant entrance into heaven! Who can tell what effect it might have on his awful family?"

"Among other interesting cases in my tract-district, has been one fraught with instruction and blessing to myself. It is now some time since in calling at a cottage I saw a stranger, far advanced in life. Presenting to her a tract, I was at once interested in her manner of receiving it. Subsequent visits increased that interest. I found that she had been brought to God in early life; that in a distant town she had been a member of a Christian society that has no place of worship here; and that, in dependent circumstances, she was now residing with a relative whose income was limited. For a short time she was able to attend the house of God; but, the infirmities of age coming on apace, she was confined to her home, and then to her bed. During a long and severely afflictive period my visits were welcomed by her; while I, comparatively young in the Christian

life, found here a pleasing contrast to the half-opened doors of some, and the indifferent reception of others. It was my privilege to find in her a rare exhibition of an humble Christian. Her anxiety that she might ever be found clinging to 'the Rock of our salvation,' her desires for the success of my labours in my district, and especially among the unconverted relatives with whom she resided, and her love to God's people, by whatever name they were called, I have seldom seen equalled. It was by her couch of suffering that I learned how nearly the different sections of the Saviour's church feel alike on the subject of personal religion. Though she had not been instructed in the necessity of conscious pardon, yet the Great Teacher had made her the happy possessor of it; for she enjoyed the abiding witness of the Spirit. And, though calling it by another name, she was devoutly seeking the full salvation of the Gospel. Perceiving that her end was approaching, I visited her more frequently than usual. Her sufferings

were heart-rending to behold: but she was always sweetly resting in Jesus. Some of her expressions, accompanied by the unequivocal signs of approaching dissolution, were:—‘I want to be patiently waiting for my Lord; I feel too anxious to be gone.’ ‘Lo, I see four men loose, walking in the midst of the fire, and they have no hurt; and the form of the fourth is like unto the Son of God.’ ‘My Saviour’s way was much rougher and darker than mine; and shall I repine?’ One day I was hastily sent for; a neighbour accompanied the relative who conducted me to her bed-side; she lay with a sweet and heavenly smile upon her pallid countenance; they told me she had looked like this all day. I bent forward with the intention of whispering some precious promise to her, when we found, to the surprise of all, that the happy spirit had escaped to bliss! My involuntary exclamation was,—

‘Life, take thy chance; but O for such an end!’

Her relatives have become regular attendants at a place of worship.”

From the above extracts from my sister's papers it will appear, that, in the distribution of tracts, she regarded the tract itself but as an introduction to efforts of a higher and holier order. How important that this should be sacredly observed by all who engage in the same great work! I would not undervalue the work of those young or timid persons who, having but little ability, wish to do something for Christ, and therefore go to the dwellings of the poor and ignorant, distributing these silent preachers, and never uttering a word of warning or advice. It is well remarked by an eminent Preacher of the present day, that "there is a real service of Christ in the distribution of the Gospel in its printed form,—a service, the result of which heaven alone shall disclose, and the judgment-day alone discover. How many thousands have been carried to heaven instrumentally upon the wings of these tracts, none can tell. I might say, if it were right to quote such a Scripture, 'The leaves are for the healing of the nations.' Scat-

tered where the whole tree could scarcely be carried, the very leaves have had a medicinal and a healing virtue in them; and the real word of truth, the simple statement of a Saviour crucified, has been greatly blessed, and many thousand souls have been led into the kingdom of heaven by this simple means." But how much would the usefulness of our tract-distributers be enhanced, if they were to take up the cross, (if cross it be,) and enter every open door, telling in humble language the things of the kingdom of God! That man, who is smoking his pipe in his dirt and dishabille, may be a backslider from the truth, who needs but a searching word to arouse him to thoughtfulness and prayer. That woman, who can scarcely give you a civil word, might be melted by a tender, sympathizing expression of desire for her well-being. The children who run the streets, and disturb the passers by, might be induced by a friendly invitation to attend the Sabbath-school, and so come under the influence of Gospel means of grace. These are the objects

to be aimed at; and though the word spoken be ever so simple, the visit ever so short, let that visit be paid, and that word spoken, in the name of Jesus, and with earnest prayers for the Spirit's power, and no one need despair of producing results which will fill heaven with ecstasy, and run on to eternity.

SECTION III.

It was not long before Catharine was invited to engage in a work for which she had now acquired considerable aptitude and tact. A gracious reviving power had been granted to the Society in her native place; and many who had hitherto been "at ease in Zion,"—"dwelling in their ceiled houses,"—were aroused to understand and appreciate the duty of individual exertion in the promotion of God's great cause. An excellent little work, by the Rev. R. Young, had recently been published, entitled "Suggestions for the Conversion of the World," in which he called upon

the Church “to *methodize* the great work of the world’s conversion; and, according to some specific plan, faithfully and fully to work out the benevolent and aggressive principles of the Gospel.” And, by way of working out this glorious problem, it was proposed that the ladies of the society should form themselves into bands, and visit every house in the poorer districts of the neighbourhood, that by their winning persuasion they might “compel” the ignorant outcasts “to come in” to the house of mercy, that their souls might be satisfied with the provisions of grace. Districts were formed; ladies of various ages and attainments were invited to the work; and in the name of the Lord, they sallied forth “by two and two,” each one panting for the honour of saving a soul from death. My sister, with trembling gladness, united in a project so much in accordance with the instincts of her renewed nature; and, with her companions in this holy toil, was greatly blessed in the deed. Her own words shall tell of her dependence on the

Spirit's power, and of the "grace to help in time of need" with which she was honoured from above.

"I do trust much good will be achieved by our Town Mission. I am about to commence visiting this afternoon; and if ever I felt my utter inability for such a work, it is now. I know not what to say. Lord, I depend on Thy strength. 'Tis Thou must put words in my mouth suitable for the poor souls I have to visit; and if my feeble efforts are productive of the least degree of good, *Thou, Thou alone*, shalt have the praise. Lord, help me!"

"Yesterday, in the fear and strength of God, I was enabled to take up the apparently intolerable cross of visiting from house to house; and O for a heart to praise the Lord for 'the power from on high' by which our words were inspired, and an easy access gained to the people's hearts! How gladly did our poor sisters, in their toil and poverty, sit down to hear our instructions! How soon were they moved to tears by words of sympathy and love! How readily did

many of them confess, ‘I know I am not what I ought to be!’ And, thank God! we obtained from several a promise to attend our ministry. Lord, my heart goes up in prayer for them, that they may fulfil the promise, and, under our heart-searching ministry, be awakened from the sleep of sin in which their spiritual foe has so long and so successfully held them.”

“Sunday.—O that I felt on this holy day as I long to feel! O that my heart were aspiring to God, my mind riveted on things Divine, and all my affections inflamed with a holy zeal! I suffer my attention to be diverted by the trifles of a day; yet not trifles. Things of importance in which I am generally engaged, and even my duties in the Church of Christ, would intervene, and draw my soul from private prayer, and so prevent my constant intercourse with God. But I know this is not necessarily the case with a believer in Jesus. Some can say,—

‘Careful without care I am,
Nor feel my happy toil’

On the other hand, I have very much of spiritual blessedness to be thankful for. The love of Christ—for I dare not ascribe it to a lower agency—has constrained me to go to the dwellings of those ‘who have not yet my Saviour known;’ and, while He has loosened my tongue to tell of His dying love, I have felt my own heart to burn with the enkindled flame. And already we witness to some extent the fruit of our labour. Our hearts have been gladdened to witness several, whom we invited, sitting with profound attention and weeping eyes under the preaching of the word; and more than one have been welcomed to the fold, who, but for our humble endeavours, would probably still be going astray as lost sheep. I must, I will thank God, and take courage.”

For a considerable time was this holy enterprise maintained in all its vigour in the town and neighbourhood in which my sister lived. And surely these personal and methodical efforts are what the Church requires for the extension of her borders. It is vain for us to say

that the people *ought* to come to the sanctuaries which are open, and avail themselves of other privileges which the Church presents for their enjoyment. We know they *ought*; but we know that they *will not*. Well, then, like our great Exemplar, we must “seek” in order to “save” them which are “lost.” Suitable plans and agencies must be organized for the one purpose of delivering “them that are drawn unto death.” The truth must be brought home to the souls of the people by direct personal intercourse. Christian women must come away from the comforts and luxuries of their home to be the Priscillas of the Church,—our “helpers in Christ Jesus.” And, indeed, every man, woman, and child, through the remotest branches of the wide-spreading Church, must be impelled by a holy zeal to discharge the functions of a Missionary. O for the promised baptism of fire!

Catharine never lost her love for this department of Christian labour. Although the organized plan of operation was allowed to fall to the ground, she

continued, as opportunity allowed, to visit the widows and fatherless in their affliction; to invite the careless to the house of God; and, by direct conversation and appeals, to aim at the conversion of those who were brought beneath her influence. Happily for her success, the law of kindness was on her lips. As an old woman very feelingly remarked, "she had a kind word for everybody." It had been her endeavour from early childhood to adopt a soothing, conciliatory, and affectionate style of address. She was never cold, or distant, or retiring, or repulsive; and her very first visit to the home of wretchedness was often successful in finding a way to hearts that were seldom moved; and in that circle she was ever afterwards received as a sympathizing friend. True piety should always bring forward this pleasant fruit. "Be courteous" is the motto which should be written on the heart.

She writes:—"For a long time I have felt no taste for visiting, except for the purpose of doing and of getting good. The Lord knows how I dislike to spend

the precious moments in mere conversation about general news, with no practical end in view. Life is too short, and eternity too near, thus to waste the fleeting hours. I have recently visited several families for the purpose of religious conversation. I find it good on these occasions to invite them to join in prayer with me; and how have I been blessed in my deed!"

"To-day felt great delight in visiting the sick and poor. Though I have frequently mourned in astonishment at the ignorance of some, and the indifference of others, yet the Lord has His hidden ones even among these. Poor Mrs.—, how long has she been beset with numerous doubts and fears! I was endeavouring this afternoon to lead her mind to the fulness of the atonement, when she suddenly exclaimed, 'This will do! this will do!' And when those lines were repeated,—

‘Hither, when hell assails, I flee
I look into my Saviour’s breast,’

such a smile of holy rapture adorned her

emaciated countenance as made me think that she was very near to heaven."

"Saw my dear old friend again to-day. She was very ill, but resting firmly on the sacrificial death of Jesus. Yes, all her fears are gone; and soon she'll wing her way to the place where no mists of error shall shade the beatific vision, and faith shall be changed to glorious sight; and she will for ever magnify Him whom she has been so fearful to regard as the *universal* Redeemer. My feelings, as I looked on her, were,—

‘O may I triumph so,
When all my warfare’s past!’”

“Visited poor B—— yesterday. I believe he is fast sinking; but he is coming as a lost sinner to the Saviour. May he be speedily favoured with an assurance that he is the Lord’s!”

“With what gratitude shall I record it? B——, we have every reason to believe, is landed safe in heaven. It was many weeks from the time that I first visited him before he felt his interest in the Saviour’s death; but, ere it was

too late, he was enabled to testify that God had power on earth to forgive sins. On Saturday afternoon, after exhorting his friends to prepare to meet him in heaven, he exclaimed, 'Glory! glory! I am going to glory!' and then sunk back, and died. Praise the Lord for this additional proof of His willingness to save sinners!"

"At Mr. ——'s, where we have been received before with such caution, and obliged to use all the kind familiarity we could command to obtain an interview with his poor, afflicted wife, we were welcomed to-day with every appearance of cordiality. When drawing near the cottage, I involuntarily exclaimed, 'Who is sufficient for these things?' and was immediately answered by, 'Our sufficiency is of God.' And what was my joy when I found an open door, a smiling welcome, and a joyous readiness to receive the truth! I take it as a token for good. This family has been so much upon my mind; surely I shall see them united to Jesus."

"One of my calls a few evenings ago

was on old Mr. and Mrs. —. I found the poor old lady in a state of mental aberration. Before the heavy affliction of her husband, her mind was seriously affected; but now she looked the picture of woe. Dressed in the costume of 1800, she told me her tale of sorrow; and what could I do but remind her of the precious Saviour, whose heart is always kind, and through whom God the Father will supply every need according to His riches in glory? She took me upstairs; and there I found the old gentleman, severely paralysed sitting in a large easy-chair, covered with a blanket. He told me his was a heavy affliction; he was full of pain. I spoke of the sympathizing Saviour, who is touched with the feeling of our infirmities, bears our cross with us, and enters into its peculiarity, and its minutest circumstance. And I thought his heart opened in some degree to receive the merits of that precious bleeding Sacrifice on which we rest. Kneeling in their antiquated apartment, I committed their case into the hands of Jesus. Such cases are

peculiarly distressing. After having professed religion for many years, they are now destitute of its consolations when they need them most. How is it? Have they maintained the form without the power? Or is it, as report says, that they have cherished a cursed idol, which even now clings around the best affections of the heart? I take it as a solemn warning, and pray that, in my own case, there may be no resting short of a close and happy union with Him who will never leave us nor forsake us."

These instances are recorded here to show how a youthful Christian, who has girded up the loins of her mind to duty, may, like her Master, go about doing good, telling poor sinners of the love of Jesus, and exhorting them to turn and be saved. Fidelity compels me to acknowledge that, in my sister's case, there were no *eminent* intellectual abilities, no mental or physical qualities, which rendered her inimitable by the ordinary class of professing Christians. All that can be said of her in these respects is, that she had the love of

Christ, zeal for souls, the use of her mother-tongue, common sense, a kind heart, and a pleasing address; and with these qualifications she went forth spreading the influence of Gospel truth. Let her example stimulate my youthful reader to zealous labour in the cause of Christ. The various pleas of inability, inaptitude, and timidity, may quiet your own conscience, and satisfy the minds of men; but will they satisfy that God who has called you, saying, "My son, go work to-day in My vineyard?" And will they exonerate you in the great and terrible day, when he that hid his talent in the earth shall be pronounced a "wicked and slothful servant?" Be it that you have only one talent, or a fraction of a talent; that fraction or that unit must be employed. By God's plan and appointment you have your own separate position, separate responsibilities, and separate work; and you can no more hand over your work to another than you can hand over your responsibilities or your gifts. Bow, then, to your Master's will. "I am the

servant of Christ, and must do my Master's work. I am but one, but I *am* one. I cannot do much, but I can do something. And what I can do, I ought to do; and what I ought to do, by God's grace I will do."

SECTION IV.

WHILE Catharine was thus busily engaged in the Sunday-school, in the tract-district, and in visiting them that were ignorant and out of the way, a new and important department of labour was opened before her. "The Select class" of the Sunday-school had become vacant by the early removal to her eternal rest of one of her much-loved friends; and she was at once requested to supply the vacant place. Perhaps this request gave her more poignant anxiety than any work to which she had yet been devoted. She looked upon the young people of her charge as those into whose hands would probably be committed interests that are identified with the happiness of un-

told numbers yet to come. She felt that on the character which they sustained, on the habits which they formed, on the course of action they pursued, results were depending which would be commensurate with the world and coeval with eternity. She saw that they had reached an age when they were solemnly bound to yield themselves to Christ, while temptations of the most insidious and dangerous kind would be every hour at hand to drive them into sin. And these considerations caused her to enter on her task with a deep, solemn, and almost overwhelming sense of the responsibility she had incurred in undertaking to instruct them. But her hope was in the Lord, and she was not forsaken; and, as she met them week by week, she yearned for their salvation as the very highest reward with which God could favour her. Thus she writes:—

“To say that I feel my inability for the work, conveys but little meaning, compared with that entire dependence that I feel on the God of all grace. He has deigned to help His dust in days

gone by; and this recollection, combined with His willingness to save the souls of my dear girls, gives me the most ample encouragement. I believe it will be given me in the same hour what I ought to say; and therefore I go to the work trusting in the mighty God of Jacob."

"The Lord did give me unusual liberty, earnestness, and solemnity of feeling while talking to my class on Sunday. I almost felt as if speaking for the last time while urging them to seek a present Saviour. O, how my spirit longs to see fruit of my labours here! I have no doubt that the bare circumstance of keeping the dear girls interested in the school, and in the cause of God, will, in time, be productive of good; so that I have no fear whatever of labouring in vain. But I neither am, nor desire to be, satisfied with the distant prospect of good. While the word of truth declares, 'Now is the accepted time,' and while universal experience confirms the blessedness of bearing the yoke of Jesus in youth, I cannot think

the design is accomplished till I see my youthful charge giving their hearts to God. May I be drawn out more fully in prayer for their conversion! My present plan is for us to study a Scripture lesson together, after I have offered up a short prayer; and I endeavour, after eliciting their ideas on the most important points, to make a solemn and pointed appeal to their hearts."

My sister was not disappointed in her hope that the converting power would attend and follow her instructions. She had the pleasure of leading several into direct connexion with the Church, who are still walking humbly with their God. Some she attended to the verge of the valley, and bade them farewell as they passed into glory; and the writer has sometimes been moved to tears of gratitude and joy, in meeting "classes" in other parts of the land, when persons whom he had never seen before were glad to testify, "It was your dear sister, Sir, that brought my soul to Christ; for it was my privilege to meet in her Bible-class." Happily, such classes are now

becoming an essential part of our Sabbath-school arrangement,—classes which retain young people at an age when they feel too old to mingle with the little ones, and when in fact they are passing through the most important and most critical period of their history, —just as the passions begin to develop themselves, and when the pleasures and allurements of an ungodly world are spread out before them; and when, above all, that character is formed which decides the future career in the path of virtue or of vice. That is the time in which the Church should lay her hand upon her youth, throw around them the shield of protection, demand, with the authority of heaven, that they consecrate their service to the Lord, and leave them not till they come as humble penitents to the cross of Christ. The immense and countless multitudes who have been trained in our schools, but are still unsaved, drifting onward to a hopeless eternity, seem to cry in tones of solemn warning, “Take care of the senior scholars of your schools, and hold them

fast; shield them with a fostering care; hide the word of God in their hearts; pray over them; give them the wisest and holiest counsellors that your school contains; show them that your object is to bring them unto Christ; let there be nothing dry, nothing lifeless, nothing uninteresting in the class to which they belong." And who can tell, if this be done, how many of those that reach an age at which they have been wont to leave the school, the Church, and God, may be retained, and sanctified, and saved?

One other mode of doing good was now urged upon my sister's attention. She had acquired considerable influence over the young people of the congregation. That influence she had unceasingly employed for the good of their souls. There were several on whom the eyes of Christian affection were fixed as those that should be folded with the flock of the Good Shepherd; and it was deemed a fitting thing that Catharine should have a specific appointment to this good work. The Rev. Samuel Young there-

fore waited upon her, to authorize the formation of a class, to be principally composed of those young people in her own Select class, and in the families that worshipped in the sanctuary, who evinced "a desire to flee from the wrath to come." She received the appointment not without fears and sighs and prayers; but, believing that the path of duty was plain, she entered upon it with that holy courage which confidence in God inspires. It was not long before six names were enrolled in the Class-Book. The first meeting was appointed, and this prayer was recorded: "O, may this work, undertaken in Thy name, and at Thy bidding, be attended with blessing on earth, and be a cause of rejoicing when I mingle with the blood-washed throng! Blessed, thrice blessed consummation! to have a place in heaven, a sight of the Lamb, the society of the redeemed, a freedom from sin, the vessel in all its capacity filled with Divine love,—and to see precious souls sharing this bliss whose feet were led by me, unworthy me, to Christ and glory! My soul bounds

in rejoicing hope of this consummation. Glorious Lord, Father in heaven, God of the spirits of all flesh,—

‘ Claim me for Thy service, claim
All I have, and all I am ! ’ ”

“ I purpose, by the grace of God, visiting each absent member of my Select and Society classes every week ; and there is another way in which I have often thought the Lord deigns to make me useful,—namely, in looking after the stragglers. In our pew I see comparatively few of those who stray into the house of God : so I intend to occupy another seat, where I may see all strangers, and then embrace the earliest opportunity of calling on them at their homes, in the hope of at least increasing their interest in the chapel. If this arrangement should interfere with the spirit of worship, I must give it up ; but if the Lord should bless me there, I will deny myself, take up the cross, be instant in season, out of season, if by any means I may save some.”

I have now traced the course of holy useful labour, in which my sister walked

during the years of her single life. Her Journal abounds in lamentations over unfaithfulness to God. Again and again does the cry ascend, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" But, whatever might be the want of fidelity apparent to herself and to the omniscient eye, it is evident that she was dedicated to the interests of the cause of Christ. On this subject her heart was fixed. Her ambition was to become "a sister of mercy" to the souls that were thrown within the sphere of her influence. She had neither expectation nor wish that her deeds should be chronicled for the observation of others. To have her name in the book of life, and her works following her into the land of bliss, was all her desire; and I hope it has been apparent throughout this chapter that the facts which are here recorded are not specified to bring honour to the name of a departed sister. Her record is on high; and the writer would have been content to leave it there, but for the sake of the youthful members of the church, to whom an example such as this might prove a

stimulant and a help. What the Church wants is a supply of labourers,—zealous, untiring, self-denying labourers. They are wanted in every department of service. They are wanted from every rank in society. Youthful Christian, you especially are summoned by the example here presented to enlist under the banners of your Lord. “The Father invokes you to come up to His help against the mighty. He asks that all those elements which belong to your youthful season—the energy and fire which are capable of giving such mighty impulse to the movements of life, and which, when rightly guided, are adapted to become the parents of the greatest achievements—may be concentrated and consecrated here; and He asks that when youth and its redolence shall have gone, and in the stages beyond, and so long as life shall last, all faculties matured by experience, and all opportunities augmented by trial, reputation, and influence, may be concentrated and consecrated here. Your course ought to be this:—You ought, having yielded

your own hearts to God, to seek fellowship with His people in the Churches of His Son; and then you ought to take advantage of the varied facilities for active engagement which you will find abundantly unfolded around you. You may exert a Christian influence over your kindred and friends; you may administer oral instruction to the ignorant and poor; you may circulate the written truth as contained in the holy oracles, or in the tracts and treatises designed to illustrate them, composed by pious though uninspired men; you may render, or procure, the pecuniary contributions which are requisite to secure the employment and extension of evangelical agency; and you may plead for the coming of the Spirit to bless the efforts of the saved, in frequent and fervent prayer. I challenge you with all the earnestness which the magnitude of the object demands. In the name of the world, which is groaning beneath the domination of the wicked one,—in the name of the Church, which is so contracted in its range, and so feeble in its

resources, in the name of the Triune God, whose glory is so insulted and trampled under foot,—you are implored to present yourselves in unreserved devotedness at the altar, and you are implored in that devotedness to live and die. Deny not, and delay not; let the claim be at once admitted and fulfilled; and know that the time is coming when you will find it better to have honoured your Father in attempting to conduct souls to allegiance and salvation, than to have inherited all the grandeur of empires, or to have amassed the treasure of worlds.” *

- “ Act, is inspiration’s cry :
While thy pulse is warm and high,
Gird thee for the field of life,
Go with vigour to the strife.
- “ See, the battle rages high ;
Loud for aid the warriors cry ;
Good and evil strive amain :
Deemest thou the struggle vain ?
- “ Sin is rife with demon-power,
Misery strengthens every hour,
Error sends her poison’d darts
Through the noblest, warmest hearts.

“Grasp thy sword and shield with might,
Truth upon thy helmet write,
Forward to the rescue fly,
Break the alien ranks, or die.

“Lift the fallen ; to the weak
Words of living courage speak :
Heed not mortal hate or blame ;
Bear the brand, despite the shame.

“Sit not down to fan thy brow ;
Say not thou art weary now ;
Deal thy blows while heaves a breath ;
Long shall be thy rest in death.”

CHAPTER IV.

MARRIAGE, AND CLOSE OF LIFE.

"I will walk within my house with a perfect heart."

SECTION I.

THRICE ten years of my sister's life had now passed into eternity. She had ever been distinguished by unswerving diligence in the duties of life, studying by every means in her power to benefit the younger members of the family to which she belonged. As they left the parental roof she followed them with her letters, full of piety, of wisdom, and of love. The duties of the Church occupied every moment that could be spared from secular affairs; and no presumption would it have been for her to sing,—

"With us no melancholy void,
No period lingers unemploy'd,
Or unimproved below."

We have now to record that change in

her social life by which she became a wife and mother. Marriage is undoubtedly the state for which God has designed His human family; but no language can exaggerate the caution, the extreme care, the sound discretion, and the fervent prayer, with which the union should be formed: for, as good Bishop Taylor says, "they who enter into the state of marriage cast a die of the greatest contingency, and yet of the greatest interest in the world, next to the last throw for eternity. Life or death, felicity or a lasting sorrow, are in the power of marriage." Catharine entertained the strongest views on this important point. She had diligently banished from her mind all those romantic views of love and marriage that were awakened by the works of fiction which she perused in early life. And whenever the subject was brought before her mind, either in relation to herself or her Christian friends, the motto, "*Only in the Lord*," was uppermost in her thoughts; and never would she allow her affections to become en-

tangled with one of whose conversion to Christ she had not the clearest and fullest proof. "How could we love aright," was her inquiry, "if we were not one in Christ Jesus?" Would God this subject were duly regarded in our Churches! A marriage-covenant between those that fear the Lord and those that fear Him not is expressly forbidden in the word of God. The language could not possibly be more absolute and peremptory: "Be not unequally yoked together with an unbeliever." And for a Christian woman to form an alliance in open defiance of this plain command, is to deprive herself of the favour of heaven, and of all the succours of Divine grace. This is our watch-word: "She is at liberty to be married to whom she will; *only in the Lord.*" (1 Cor. vii. 39.)

It was in August, 1851, that Catharine was united to him who is left to mourn his loss; and with happy Christian feeling she entered upon her new life. "I never expected," she writes, "but that a change of circumstances would bring some trials, great or small. But—

O the shielding hand of my heavenly Father!—it has brought none yet. No human heart but my own knows the thankfulness I feel for our union on spiritual matters. In mercy, too, our temporal circumstances have been so ordered that we have no anxious care. In our case the prayer of Agur is answered, ‘Give me neither poverty nor riches.’ I feel I am just where I ought to be, have just what is right, and that only one thing is wanting, — more thorough devotedness to our blessed Saviour.

‘Lord, it is our chief complaint
That our love to Thee ’s so faint;
Yet we love Thee and adore;
O for grace to love Thee more!’”

In the course of a few months she was looking forward with some anxiety to the time when she should bear the honoured name of “mother.” And though the pressing engagements of her position greatly diminished the number of entries in her private papers, we have enough to show that religion was still with her the one thing needful,

and that in every event and every apprehension she persisted in casting all her care on Him who cared for her.

“I have had a fear lest I should be called in child-birth to resign my happy earthly ties for my eternal home; and I have resolved that I will, through grace, be ready. In contemplation of such an event, I feel that I should have much to leave,—far more than ever: my dearest husband, my sweet little home, perhaps an unconscious darling babe, and the best of parents. But where is my love to Jesus, which would make parting with all easy? Well, if I have not dying grace yet, I believe the Holy Spirit would impart it in a dying hour. The promise on which I trust is of ‘grace to help *in time of need.*’ My apprehensions of the danger of the event are partially removed, but not my resolutions that living or dying I will be the Lord’s. O for more grace! Then, indeed, if supported in nature’s trial, and brought safely through, shall the life preserved and the life given be the Lord’s.”

Not only was she preserved to be the

mother of one "darling babe," but in the nine succeeding years six others were added to the flock. During these years of maternal responsibility and solicitude, the language of gratitude was ever on her lips; and pleasing was it to see how she could turn aside from pressing engagements to tell some sorrow-stricken soul of the watchful providence of God, and the boundless love of the sinner's Friend. But, with an eye ever observant of her own internal state, she reviewed each day, and the influence of its business upon the higher life; and many salutary fears were entertained lest "the cares of this world" should choke the good seed which for years had been germinating in her heart. In August of the year 1857 we find her mingling the expressions of praise with those of holy fear.

"How the months and years roll by! and what continued manifestations of loving-kindness do they bear to me and mine! I have suffered no bereavement, and no personal or family affliction to be remembered or recorded; but calm and

happy sunshine has ever fallen on my quiet path. If ever the thought arises, 'Trouble will come,' I check the rising fear with thanks for the past and trust for the future. The Lord will ward it off, or enable me to bear it; and I will not cloud the present by gloomy forebodings. I wish I could record that the good work within keeps pace with the bounteous mercies of my loving God. The unceasing cares of my little family, with other duties, leave but little time for private prayer and private reading of the Word. I enjoy the continual light of God's countenance, with the restraining and drawing influences of His Spirit. But O for more time to enter into my closet, and less of mental wandering while there! I could once easily compose my mind to a calm and holy waiting upon God. But now it requires a struggle, great indeed, to be *alone* with Jesus,—the world, the family, all shut out; and, O, how condemned I feel to catch myself wandering after these trifles of a day when I am approaching the Great, the Holy, and the High! I should fail and

be discouraged, had I not an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the Righteous. But, glorious thought! ‘He ever liveth to make intercession for me.’”

Few Christian mothers will read these lines without the deepest sympathy with the sentiments they contain. From early morn till late at night they find their energies both of mind and body taxed to the highest degree, and that in connexion with objects of vast concern, and such as they dare not overlook. But it must not be forgotten that self-examination and secret prayer have, in all ages, been the great cultivators of deep, high, vigorous piety. And, if these duties be neglected, how soon will the favour of God be lost, the soul will cleave to the dust, and a grievous worldliness of spirit prevail, to the dishonour of God and His Church! Mothers of families, “none need private prayer more than you, or can omit it with more injury.” And, if the mind be made up on this matter, you will be able, as many excellent women in similar circumstances

have done, to arrange for at least a few minutes in the middle of the day for the elevation of your spirits. Notwithstanding the above lamentations of my sister, I know that this was her daily habit; and hence arose the vigour and consistency of her personal piety.

There was one matter about which my sister could never speak without a sigh and a sorrow. Sometimes it would even draw forth bitter tears. I mean the absence of opportunities for those active benevolent enterprises that had enlisted the energies of her earlier years. There is a pleasure in doing good which none but they who feel it know. That pleasure she had tasted in rich abundance; but it had now become impossible to find leisure for the pleasing duties of Sabbath-school instruction, of tract-distribution, or of domestic visitation. She records with fervent gratitude, that, "though often feeling it next to impossible to go, the Lord has never suffered me to give up my class." But she panted for larger activities. In a letter to the writer of these lines, received about five

months before her death, she says: "We have again begun the Dorcas-meeting, and meet at different friends' houses by turn. But I ought not to say *we*, so very seldom as I shall go. If I could make time for anything, my taste is to go to some overtasked and heart-weary mother in her desolate home, and cheer her by looking upward and onward. None can sympathise with mothers as mothers." And on another occasion she writes: "I have no prospect of an increase of time to devote to the Church of God; but I want the living active principle of Divine love, so that I may be always aiming to do good to the souls of them with whom I am associated."

It is pleasing to hear from the lips of any saint such utterances as these. Every lover of Zion will be glad to labour for its prosperity; and the more he knows what that means,—“The love of Christ constraineth us,”—the more anxious will he be to enroll himself in the service of every institution and every plan which his enlightened judgment can approve, and upon which a holy God

can smile. But it is a great mistake for a Christian mother to suppose that, because her sphere is so small, so obscure, and so destitute of all romance, therefore she is doing nothing great for the Church or the world. The hard-working wife of the Rector of Epworth, when struggling with poverty, and oppressed with care, might envy the Christian lady who, with a heavy purse, and no children, could launch forth into public life, giving wealth, and time, and influence to "the Church;" but a far greater work was she accomplishing when training her gentle boys to habits of piety, decorum, and thought. Her work will run on in its blessed results to the very ends of the earth, to the remotest period of time, and even to the deepest recesses of eternity. Where are we to look for the influence which shall bring wars to an end, and fill the earth with the fruits of peace and benevolence? Where are we to go for the Ministers who shall carry the Gospel through the land, and preach it with power in the regions beyond? Who will supply the

instructors for our children's children? Who will give us Elishas to catch the mantles of their departing sires? Who will furnish the men and women of intellect, of power, of enterprise, to whom our Moffats, our Piercys, our Mrs. Judsons and Ranyards, may commit the work they have so gloriously commenced? To the nurseries of Christian mothers we look with anxious and with prayerful minds. Give us but a race of holy mothers, who, in my sister's words, will "be always aiming to do good to the souls" of their little ones, and we have no fear for the future. Our mothers in Israel send forth saints into the church, patriots to the country, and Ministers to the pulpit. What zealous Christians, what large-hearted philanthropists, what devoted Missionaries, what eminent Preachers have gladly testified their obligations to a mother's piety! Such examples abound in every sphere,—adorn every profession,—wield an influence in every circle. They are east, west, north, and south, shedding the light of their piety, and the warmth

of their benevolence, near and remote, O mothers ! reflect upon the power your Maker has placed in your hands, and you will not then be envious of more public and stirring employment. Say not, "I have no time to give to *the Church.*" Bring up your children for God and heaven, and then you are labouring for the Church in a way that the very angels might envy.

SECTION II.

DURING my sister's married life, one great trial, and only *one*, was allowed to darken her home. It was the loss of an infant child. For a few short months he cheered his parents with his infant smiles; and then he passed away, and left them for ever. It may seem a little thing to a heartless stranger when he hears that a family is so bereaved "Why weep?" he says. "It was but a child; only one little life the less,—a life too small to be missed." But if that stranger had a *mother's* heart, if he knew

how tenderly every new-born babe takes hold of a mother's love, how differently would he speak! Ah, what a gulf is made when cruel death snatches the infant from its mother's breast! It is idle, truly, to tell her not to weep: as well might you charge the heavens not to rain. Bitterness gathers on her heart, and tears will bedew the cheek, even while the tongue utters, "Blessed be the name of the Lord." My sister's letters after this painful bereavement were peculiarly pathetic and spiritual; proving, however, that the Saviour did not leave her comfortless, nor withhold the grace that sanctified the sorrow. In one to myself, she says:—

"I must not attempt to look back, or indeed to enter into particulars relative to our late heavy trial: rather let me record the supporting grace that we have been blessed with through the late sorrowful season. We have had such views of the kindness and tender care of our heavenly Father, such an assurance that He was directing all for our good, that we have never had a murmuring

thought, and can already rejoice in the perfect safety of our precious child. But, O, how we miss him! No tongue can tell the blank that such a bereavement occasions but those that have passed through a similar trial. How uncertain life seems to me now! and how near eternity! I'll live for Christ. I'll strive for heaven, as I have never done before.

In another letter, written but a few days afterwards, she says:—

“I fear it is that I am not looking for that direct Divine support which I did at first for my dear baby's loss. Tears often flow fast and heavy to his little memory; and I feel that earth has one tie less, but heaven has one more. My precious Arthur!

‘God took thee in His mercy,
A lamb untask'd, untried;
He fought the fight for thee,
And thou art sanctified.’

By-and-by we shall meet, I am sure we shall, an unbroken family in glory. Let us never rest, but look for the conversion of our children, securing for them,

by prayer, an abundant supply of the Spirit's grace."

Many touching incidents might be related to show how studiously she laboured to make her home the tabernacle of peace, of chaste and fervent and harmonious love. But the conversion of her children was the subject ever uppermost in her mind. It was easy to move her to tears by the recital of a work of grace in Christian households; and at such times, clasping her little ones to her bosom, she would say, "O that we may live to see our precious children saved!" No one could surpass her in an anxious desire that they might enjoy health, a suitable education, and a moderate portion of worldly respectability; but, above and beyond this, she desired that they might have the fear of God in their hearts, and be made partakers of true religion. And on the evening of the Sabbath, when debarred from the pleasure of public worship, she would gather the little group around her, read and explain some carefully-selected book, store their memories with the facts

of Scripture history, relate to them instances of early piety, and at other times cases of sudden dissolution, and then send up a mother's prayer that the seed thus dropped into the virgin soil might be watered with the dews of heaven's grace. What sight can be more beautiful than this? The children thus instructed may be called to wander into other lands; the rude battle with the world may deaden their sensibilities; the temptations of the Evil One may conspire with the depravity of the heart: but never, never will they forget that family-service, with its attendant influence and holy unction. It will hang as a heavy drag upon the wheels of evil; it will rush in upon the memory when far from welcome; and, probably, as in unnumbered instances before, it will lead to a happy consecration to Christ.

In February, 1860, my sister wrote me a letter, beautifully expressive of her general state of heart, amid all the anxieties of her responsible position:—

“Did you happen to remember that yesterday was my birthday? I cannot

yet realize that I am indeed forty years old. O, how much of my life is gone! I feel as if I am drawing to its close. And yet, though it has been spent in so much comfort, I do not wish to go back. I feel that, through Jesus, I may venture on the untried state; and it is only my husband and children that make me cling so tenaciously to life and health. May I be kept, my light trimmed, and my lamp burning, waiting for the coming of my Lord!"

In June, of the same year, another letter, full of sisterly affection, runs thus:—"I begin this note to show you that we have not forgotten your birthday. O, how good is our heavenly Father!

‘In all my ways Thy hand I own,
Thy ruling providence I see.’

We are still an unbroken family. What an unusual blessing! We rejoice in it without apprehension, believing that the first called will be the best prepared. I have sometimes sweet seasons of trust and confidence in God, when, for love of

Him, I could almost leave all to enjoy His blissful presence in our home above. And then my precious ones hold my frail spirit here; and, 'All the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change comes,' seems as far as I can get."

Thus was God, in tender love, drawing the spirit of His child upward to Himself. Her heart was fixed; she loved her Saviour; she had in her hand a title, and in her heart a meetness, for the inheritance of the saints; and only one question evoked a desire to abide in the flesh; it was the question of a mother's heart: "Who would, who could, be a mother to my babes?"

In the early part of the year 1861 she looked forward to the birth of her seventh child. And many remarks that are now treasured up in the memory of fond affection would induce the conviction that she had a presentiment that her end was near. But, while indulging this apprehension, she was determined to confide in her heavenly Friend; knowing that her eternal interests were safe.

“Though all things have looked gloomy through my darkened vision, I bless the Lord my hope of heaven was never brighter. I have felt quite willing to depart and be with Christ, which is far better.” On the 28th of March the child was born; and for a few short days the mother pressed her loved one to her bosom, and felt that all was well in body and in soul. But soon monitions were afforded to her family and friends that the time of her departure was at hand. Medical aid was procured, and medical skill employed in vain. The ravages of disease too loudly testified that, when Jehovah speaks, there is no discharge from His mandate. He unlocked the doors of the invisible world, and summoned His ransomed one to enter. And now, lying on the bed of death, she did not need to collect around her every false and delusive hope, and endeavour by the array of these to nerve her spirits, and hush her misgivings. Her peace was made. Her life was the great proof that she had not received the grace of God in vain. And though, to some

extent, the perceptions and reasonings of her mind were clouded by those narcotic influences under which she was placed, yet was she enabled to fix the eye of her mind, which the Holy Spirit had unscaled, upon the cross and the Saviour, and, while struggling with the swellings of Jordan, to utter words which proved that all was well. To her husband she said, "If I may but touch the hem of my Saviour's garment, I shall be safe; and I can do that." The few first verses of the 103d Psalm were often on her lips; and the words, "Bless His Name! glory, glory!" she frequently repeated, not as parts of a conversation, but as the overflowings of a full heart. When her sister was sitting by her, she remarked, "What a mercy to be upon the Rock!" And when that passage was repeated,—*"God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever,"*—she replied, *"He is my portion."* From that heaving bosom there rose many a silent prayer,—prayers unheard on earth, but recorded in heaven. There was no painful farewell to husband or babes.

Only once or twice did she even refer to her little ones; and that was just to say, "Do not let the children forget their mother." She had given them to Jesus, and she left them in His hands; and on the blessed Sabbath—a day she loved so much—she was ushered into rest. Christ was with her when she needed Him most. He trod the valley by her side, pillowed her languid head upon His bosom; not an anxiety was indulged, not a murmur was expressed, not a sorrow was felt,—

"She sunk in blissful dreams away,
And visions of eternal day."

Farewell to the world, its fickleness and instability, its deceitful promises and vain enjoyments! Farewell to temptation, to calumny, and reproach! Farewell to disappointment, to depression, and death! Farewell to pain, and agony, and distress! In leaving life she has left them all behind. And since she entered her heavenly home, is it any subject of regret to her that "her sun went down while it was yet day?"

Standing among the heavenly minstrelsy, the palm-bearing throng, who line the golden sands of the heavenly Canaan, does she wish to come back again to earth? And, in the full perception of what she has escaped, and what she has secured, could we call her back? No, no: let her stay, and be it ours to follow.

And, now, farewell to my much-loved sister. A painful, and yet pleasing, task has it been to trace, though with a feeble hand, the events in her short but useful life. Many a tear has started unbidden to the eye, while perusing the records of her daily experience, and of her pious toil. The lessons which her history suggests have been brought before the reader's eye, as he has proceeded through this little work. No further delineation of her character is required. Enough has been said to prove that "the grace of our Lord was exceeding abundant with faith and love which is in Christ Jesus;" and to the Triune God be ascribed the glory of her consistent life, and of her peaceful death!

But I can scarcely refrain from inserting a letter written by a friend, who knew her well, and whose heart was deeply moved when he received the tidings of her unexpected death:—

“My dear brother,—my heart is moved, my spirit is stirred within me. Dear Mrs. Martin is no more! I can scarcely realize the thought. It was but the other day I was seated by her side, and in warm-hearted confidence we talked together of family affairs, of our children, of our methods of instruction, of the promises given to faithful prayer, and of our own experience in the things of God. I had known her from childhood; but never had I been more delighted with her spirit and deportment than on the occasion to which I refer. One remark, especially, is impressed upon my mind as she spoke of her approaching trial, and of the possibility that she might soon be gone: ‘We should love to be spared that we might train our loved ones for God and heaven.’ How natural the feeling to a mother’s heart! And who would have thought that in so

short a time those 'loved ones' would be standing by their mother's corpse? We often talk of the mysteries of Providence. But in a dispensation like this, there is, to my mind, more of inscrutable mystery than in almost anything besides. Who that knew the dear departed one could fail to observe her brightness of intellect; her firm decision of character; her unbending rectitude of principle; her mild and gentle manners; her loving demeanour in the family, in the church, and in the world; her incessant activity and vigilant concern to improve the time; and her active benevolence in the vicinity in which she moved? The qualities with which she was endowed seemed to render her eminently fitted for earth; and we should have thought that those dear children were given her that she might train them by her example, instruct them by her wisdom, and bless them by her prayers. We should have thought that Heaven would allow her to spend her three-score years and ten in humble, holy activity, and then go down to the grave amidst the benedic-

tions of her friends. But, alas! these delightful visions are fled; her family is in mourning, and her friends in tears. And we are ready to say, 'Good Lord, what doest Thou? Why should the faithful fail from among the children of men, while many unfaithful ones are permitted to live through a protracted life? Why should a mother be snatched from her precious lambs, and a husband be left in sadness and in gloom?' But we receive no answer to these solemn questions. 'He giveth not account of any of His matters.' And we must content ourselves with the blessed assurance, 'What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter.' Bear with me, if I try to comfort the wounded hearts of the bereaved by a few pleasing thoughts as they present themselves to the mind of a sympathizing friend.

"Is there not much comfort in the thought that this painful dispensation has been all arranged by God our Father?

'HIMSELF HATH DONE IT all. O, how those words
Should hush to silence every murmuring thought!
HIMSELF HATH DONE IT: He who loves me best,
He who my soul with His own blood hath bought.

'HIMSELF HATH DONE IT. Can it then be aught
Than full of wisdom, full of tenderest love?
Not *one* unheeded sorrow will He send,
To teach this wandering heart no more to rove.

'HIMSELF HATH DONE IT. Then I fain would say,
Thy will in *all* things evermore be done;
E'en though that will remove whom best I love,
While Jesus lives I cannot be alone.'

I write these beautiful lines because of the comfort I have myself experienced from them in the hours of sorrow. And whenever I hear of the death of a much-loved friend, the thought at once springs up, 'Himself hath done it;' and, therefore, though 'I am oppressed,' I know that He, who has troubled me sore, will 'undertake for me.' (Isaiah xxxviii. 14, 15.) I hope the sorrowing husband will be able to take this truth to the comfort of his soul. True, his hopes are disappointed, his prospects are beclouded, his feelings are harrowed by the removal of one whom he loved with the fondest affection. But it was not because that

watchful eye that keepeth Israel, now, for the first time, slumbered and slept. It was not because some malignant hand stopped up the avenues of life, so as to baffle all the skill of the physician. It was God,—our Father, Saviour, Brother, Friend,—coming forth in His Majesty, and saying, ‘Behold, I will take away the desire of thy eyes with a stroke.’ ‘*Thou, Lord, turnest man to destruction, and sayest, Return, ye children of men.*’ And what shall we say? Are not the administrations of His providence wise and good? Shall the Most High be taught by us when to remove His saints to heaven? Rather let us say, ‘He doeth all things well.’ ‘All, all is right, by God ordained or done!’

“And with what words shall I refer to the dear, dear children, left at their tender age, without a mother’s care, and a mother’s sympathy? I weep for them; and, though I wipe the tears away, they flow afresh over these motherless babes. Jesus, Thou *Friend* of their mother, be their *Friend*! Thou *Guide* of their

mother, be their Guide ! Thou *Saviour* of their mother, be their Saviour ! In spirit I join their sorrowing father in commending them thus to Him whose 'promise' is not to us only, but to 'our children' too ! They must be blest. They have the heritage—far more precious than gold and silver—of a mother's prayers. Not one of those prayers can be forgotten or denied. With liveliest confidence did she talk of their future conversion to the faith of Christ. And can we doubt, (*I cannot*,) that their feet will be directed into the ways of peace ? One great means of good to them has been withdrawn in the removal of their sainted mother ; but other means will be vouchsafed that we know not of ; and I venture to predict that they will be guarded, guided, and saved.

"This is the first breach made by the hands of death in your large family. Catharine, the firstborn, is the first to go. May the next who shall be called be as fully fitted for the change as she was. I know not how to close. Many sheets of paper could I fill with expressions of

my admiration for the character of my departed friend. Her image lives in my memory. Her conversations and amiable deportment I shall never forget. I rejoice for her. She has escaped the 'sins, and doubts, and fears,' with which we must continue to struggle hard. But with us, as with her, 'twill soon be over;—'so shall we ever be with the Lord.' Well, Then, let us dry up our tears, and cease our sighing.

'She is gone to the grave;
But we will not deplore her,
Though sorrow and darkness
 Encompass the tomb.
The Saviour has pass'd
Through its portals before her,
And the lamp of His love
 Was her guide through the gloom.

'She is gone to the grave;
But 'twere vain to deplore her,
When God was her Ransom,
Her Guardian, her Guide.
He gave her, He took her,
And He will restore her;
And death hath no sting,
 Since the Saviour has died."

"With kind and sympathizing regards,
 "Yours very truly."

Reader, the time is short, and eternity is near. The writer lays aside his pen to consecrate himself anew to his sister's God, and to his own Saviour. And gladly would he lead you with himself to the mercy-seat, that, in view of the grave yet fresh and green, you might bow your hearts in solemn dedication to the Lord your God. O, what warnings have been allotted you! Is there no chair empty in your dwelling that used to be filled? Has not your threshold ceased to be darkened by a welcome shadow that used to enter it? Is there not a memorial tablet in your heart, on which dear and bright names are written, legible in the love in which they were originally inscribed? And what are your prospects for a lengthened life? Alas! you know not the day of your death. The cord which binds together matter and spirit is inexpressibly slender, and may in a moment be snapped asunder. The bowl whence life draws her nourishing draughts is inexpressibly brittle, and may in a moment be dashed to pieces. The wheel which turns round

the whole animal economy is inexpressibly minute, and may in a moment be crushed to very dust. And, perhaps, there are at this moment sown within your frames the seeds of a disease that will in a little time blight all your hopes, and crush to nought your fondest anticipations. In circumstances like these, neglect of the great salvation is perfectly inexcusable. You *must*, therefore, awake from your fatal slumber, and make your peace with God and heaven. If the spirit of my beloved sister could for one moment cease to sing the heavenly song, if she could appear in vision and give you the results of her present views of time and of eternity, and then whisper a loving admonition to your ear, it would be in the solemn words of Scripture: "Therefore be ye also ready; for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh." And, as she flew again to her mansion in the skies, she would utter the impressive exhortation, "Prepare to meet thy God."

"Shall we disdain her silent, soft address,
Her posthumous advice, and pious prayer?"

No, no; a thousand times no. The solemnities of the eternal world, the worth of your deathless spirits, the blood of Gethsemane, the Sacrifice of Calvary, the mercy of the bleeding Lamb, the terrors of hell, and the joys of heaven, all, all invoke you to secure and keep a readiness for the solemn change that awaits you.

Reader! may it be yours and mine to meet the subject of this memoir at the right hand of the world's Judge! Till then, farewell.

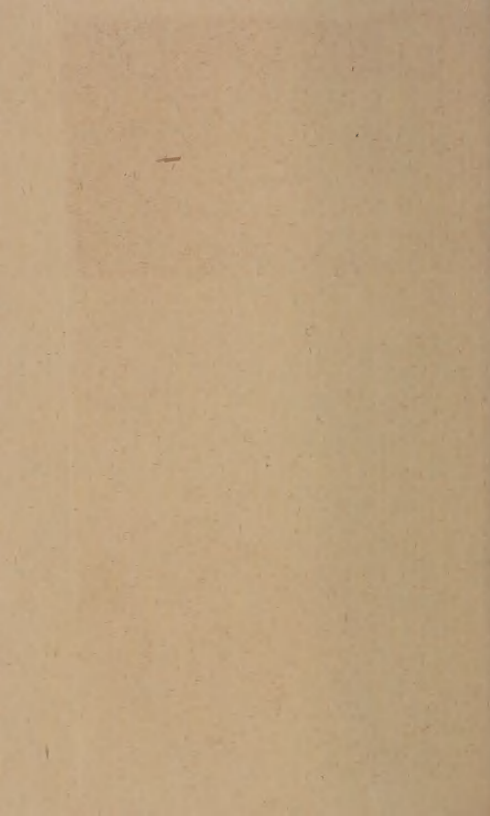
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